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"Early and Dear"

1850

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THE
ROSARY.

I will be thy beadsman —
And, on some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Shakspeare.

BOSTON:
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.B9

Dr. R. H. Salter

1842

Mar. 4. 1867

P R E F A C E .

“OF making many books there is no end.”

And why should there be an end of making books? Minds and hands must have employment; and surely there can be no occupation more harmless than that, which multiplies, and diffuses through the community, the productions of pure, pious and benevolent minds.

This volume was not compiled under pretence of supplying a supposed deficiency in the class of books to which it belongs—nor in consequence of the urgent solicitations of friends—nor yet to show off the productions of the compiler, in company with those of better and more gifted writers. No apology is offered for the publication: none can be required, unless it shall be found to trespass on the rights of others, or to violate the prescriptions of morality, religion, and decorum.

It is not supposed that the book is beyond the reach of criticism. Its contents are the gleanings of a field, of which the "Sabbath Recreations" of Mr. PIERPONT were the first fruits. If it should be accepted as a supplement to that beautiful collection of poetical gems, and be deemed worthy of a place in the same parlor, the labor of compilation will be amply remunerated, and all pretensions to credit will be duly honored.

J. T. B.

More than half the pieces, which compose this volume, are the productions of American writers, chiefly selected from the newspapers and other periodical publications. The names of the authors, when known, are affixed to the several titles in the table of contents. The names of the journals, in which they first appeared, are given, where the writer's name could not be ascertained; and there are still some whose original source could not be discovered, to the titles of which an asterisk is affixed. The pieces, which have no marks, and those which have the author's names, or the names of the papers in which they originally appeared, in *Italic* characters, are the productions of foreign writers.

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THE ROSARY.

MORNING HYMN.

O THOU ! who bidd'st the cheerful ray
Spring from the east to light the day,
For THEE thy emblem's brightest blaze
Shall kindle oft the glow of praise ;
Thou SUN of suns ! with beam divine
Fill every soul :—Arise, and shine !

Fresh from repose, I wake to view
Illumined hills, and vales of dew ;
Pleased, walk abroad, and love to inhale
The fragrance of the early gale ;
To list, while grateful warblers sing,
In nature's numbers, nature's King.

PARENT OF ALL ! I mark thy skill
In grove and lawn, in vale and hill ;
THOU dost the orient skies adorn
When blushes deck the encrimsoned morn ;
Each lovely object that we see,
Speaks, in mute eloquence, of THEE.

Nor less I trace thy matchless power
 In insect's wing or tiny flower,
 Than in the orbs, that, rolling high,
 Bespangle the clear evening sky :—
 Thou kenn'st the falling sparrow's place,
 And worlds, which wheel in boundless space.

So raise, my soul, the exalting lay :
Hail to thy light, advancing day!
 Thus may the song of praise ascend,
 While dawning beams their radiance lend ;
 Till,—Death's last night shades all withdrawn,—
 My spirit greets the eternal morn.

Then, freed from low pursuits, the mind
 New objects for her powers shall find ;
 One ceaseless day around shall pour,
 And sleep and night be known no more :
 Unnumbered ages, as they roll,
 Shall still advance the deathless soul.

O hope of hopes ! celestial faith !
 I seek my noblest life in death !
 Pleased, lay my mortal members by
 To soar uncumbered on the sky :—
 Spirit of spirits, I am thine !
 Morning of mornings, rise and shine !

EVENING HYMN.

AUTHOR of good ! whose holy care
 Has kindly kept me through the day,
 To THEE I pour the grateful prayer,
 To THEE address my evening lay.

Thy name a sacred dread inspires,
 In souls, that glow with love divine ;
 And lights devotion's ardent fires
 Even in a breast as cold as mine.

While nature, in deep darkness hung,
 A silent, solemn gloom displays ;
 May not, in trembling strains, my tongue
 Prefer the offering of its praise ?

Thou dwell'st enthroned in realms of light,
 'Midst spirits pure and angels blest ;
 Thy presence knows no shadowy night,
 Thy guest, unwearied, needs no rest.

Yet, while thy children, here below,
 Sink to repose and seem to die,
 Wilt THOU parental care bestow
 And watch them with thy wakeful eye.

Yes ! I may well confide in thee,
 Thou Source whence all my comfort springs,
 By day, by night, resigned to be
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings !

O, when the cheerful morning beam
 Shall burst in brilliance from the East,
 Awake me, Power and Love supreme !
 With love and gratitude increased.

And when in Death's last sleep I lie,
 Where no bright sun of joy shall dawn ;
 Me may the Archangel's trump on high
 Wake to the resurrection morn.

SABBATH EVENING.

SERENELY sinks this holy day,
 And, in the chambers of the West,
 The sunbeams slowly melt away,
 Where clouds, in purple splendor, rest.
 All, all the countless lamps that burn
 With light from heaven's unwasting urn,
 Night's solemn gloom will soon reveal,
 For lo ! one star has burst its seal.

Bright herald of the quiet hour,
 With what a joy the spirit springs
 To see thee shining o'er the bower
 Where thought can fold her wearied wings :
 The bower of home—how sweetly glows
 On this calm Sabbath's sacred close,
 Affection's smile—with beam divine,
 Undimmed and pure, dear star, as thine !

Deeper, still deeper on the vale,
 And on the venerable wood,
 That bends to feel the stirring gale,—
 And on yon mountain's solitude,
 The shadows of the evening fall ;
 And darker spreads the gorgeous pall
 Of clouds,—for every ray, that shone
 Among their massy folds, is gone.

Calm day, farewell ! Heaven's fadeless choirs
 Glow, as forever, in the sky,
 And, like the sound of angel lyres,
 I hear their tones come floating by ;
 They chant thy requiem—but now,
 While the soft night-wind cools my brow,
 Gratefully let me kneel, to share
 This hour of fervent, voiceless prayer !

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

FATHER of Earth and Heaven,
 Whose arm upholds creation,
 To thee we raise the voice of praise,
 And bend in adoration.
 We praise the Power that made us ;
 We praise the love that blesses ;
 While every day, that rolls away,
 Thy gracious care confesses.

Life is from thee, blessed Father ;
 From thee all breathing spirits ;

And thou dost give, to all that live,
 The bliss that each inherits.
 Day, night, and rolling seasons,
 And all that life embraces,
 With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
 And claim our thankful praises.

Though trial and affliction
 May cast their dark shade o'er us,
 Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
 Of light on all before us.
 That love has smiled from Heaven,
 To cheer our path of sadness,
 And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
 To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
 Has shone through Christ the Savior,
 The holy Guide, who lived and died,
 That we might live forever :
 And since thy great compassion
 Thus brings thy children near thee.
 May we to praise devote our days,
 And love as well as fear thee.

And when Death's final summons
 From earth's dear scenes shall move us,—
 From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
 From all that know and love us,—
 O then, let hope attend us !
 Thy peace to us be given !
 That we may rise above the skies,
 And sing thy praise in Heaven !

THE DEAF AND DUMB AT PRAYER.

IF sweet it is to see the babe kneel by its mother's side,
 And lisp its brief and holy prayer, at hush of eventide ;
 And sweet to mark the blooming youth, at morning's
 purple ray,
 Breathe incense of the heart to Him, who ruleth night
 and day ;

How doth the bosom's secret pulse with strong emotion
 swell,
 And tender, pitying thoughts awake, which language
 may not tell,
 When yon mute train, who meekly bow beneath afflic-
 tion's rod,
 Whose lip may never speak to man, pour forth the soul
 to God.

They have no garment for the thought, that springs to
 meet its sire,
 No tone to flush the glowing cheek, or fan devotion's
 fire ;
 Yet, surely, to the Eternal throne the spirit's sigh may
 soar,
 As free as if the wing of speech its hallowed burden
 bore.

Were language theirs, perchance their tale of treasured
 grief and fear
 Might cold and unresponsive fall, even on a brother's
 ear,

So may they grave upon their minds, in youth's unfolding day,
 'T is better to commune with Heaven, than with their fellow-clay.

The pomp of words doth sometimes clog the spirit's upward flight ;
 But, in the silence of their souls, is one long Sabbath light ;
 If God doth in that temple dwell, their fancied loss is gain :
 Ye perfect listeners to His voice ! say, is our pity vain ?

THE VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

I HAD a Friend who died in early youth !
 —And often, in those melancholy dreams,
 When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
 That shades the silent world of memory,
 Methinks I hear his voice, sweet as the breath
 Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot
 Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
 To everlasting spring.

In the church-yard

Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,
 Silent we sat together on a grave ;
 Till, gently laying his pale hand on mine,
 Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping
 On heaving sod and marble monument,—
 This was the music of his last farewell !

“Weep not my brother ! though thou seest me led
By short and easy stages, day by day,
With motion almost imperceptible,
Into the quiet grave. God's will be done.

Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
My soul oft sat within the shadow of death ;
And when I looked along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept ; and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness.

But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be—and when I gaze
On the green earth and all its happy hills,
'T is with such feelings as a man beholds
A little farm, which he is doomed to leave
On an appointed day. Still more and more
He loves it as that mournful day draws near,
But hath prepared his heart—and is resigned.”

—Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
He said with fervent voice—“ O what were life,
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,
Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity.

—And O ! without them who could bear the storms
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life ! Then hopes arise

All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds,
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
And wiling us with gentle motion, on

Fear not then its wild commotion ;
 He, who rules its waves, thy guide.

At his bidding,
 Wildest tempests must subside.

Dost thou fear the withering power
 Of the tropic's sickening ray ?
 Dost thou dread the midnight hour,—
 Deserts lone, and beasts of prey ?

Trembling stranger !
 Trust : not lonely is thy way.

Israel's cloudy veil will shade thee,
 From the noonday's dazzling light ;
 Israel's burning pillar lead thee,
 Through the desert's darkest night.

Trust the promise ;
 God, thy God, will be thy light.

Go in faith, thou silent weeper !
 Sow the precious Gospel-seed ;
 Thou shalt come a joyful reaper ;
 Souls thy harvest, Heaven thy meed.

Faithful laborer,
 Go, and sow the Gospel-seed.

May the God of light protect thee,
 Favoring gales thy canvas swell ;
 May his grace and power direct thee,
 And His Spirit with thee dwell.

May he bless thee !
 Go in peace ; farewell, farewell.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

LIFT your loud voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

Vain were the terrors, that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
“ The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die.”

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being, he gave us, death cannot destroy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to Heaven ascend.

Lift, then, your voices in triumph, on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

 HYMN.

AROUND the throne of God
The host angelic throngs ;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs :

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Him first they own, | Him last, and best ; |
| God ever blest, | And God alone. |

Their golden crowns they fling
 Before his throne of light,
 And strike the rapturous string,
 Unceasing, day and night :

Earth, heaven, and sea Thy praise declare,
 For thine they are, And thine shall be.

O holy, holy Lord,—
 Creation's sovereign King,
 Thy majesty adored,
 Let all creation sing :

Who wast, and art, And art to be ;—
 Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

Great are thy works of praise,
 O God of boundless might ;
 All just and true thy ways,
 Thou King of saints in light :

Let all above, And all below,
 Conspire to show Thy power and love.

Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
 And magnify thy name !
 Thy judgements sent abroad,
 Thy holiness proclaim :

Nations shall throng From every shore,
 And all adore In one loud song.

While thus the powers on high,
 Their swelling chorus raise,
 Let earth and man reply,
 And echo back the praise :

His glory own, First, last, and best,
 God ever blest, And God alone.

CHRISTMAS.

No war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around ;
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
 But peaceful was the night,
 In which the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
 In social circle sat, while all around
 The gentle fleecy brood,
 Or cropped the flowery food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

When lo ! with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answering the stringed noise,
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

They saw a glorious light
 Burst on their wondering sight :
 Harping in solemn quire, in robes arrayed,
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While God disposed in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Savior Christ is born :
 (Such was the immortal seraphs' song sublime)
 Glory to God in heaven !
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt ! adventurous he,
 Who, in the first Ship, broke the unknown sea,
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine, the tempest raves ;
 He on a pine plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves ;
 He steers the winged boat and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul, that leaves this mortal land,
 Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
 Death is the storm ; she smiles to hear it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore ;
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease ;

(Her faith can govern death;) she spreads her wings
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things :
 As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler and the tempest dies :
 Now vast Eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,—
 The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright.

PRAISE TO GOD FROM ALL NATURE.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy!
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

O light! thou fairest, first of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
 O praise the almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee as his imperial robe.

Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day!
 O praise his name, without whose pure light,
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets! who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence;
 Resign to him, as to your Maker due,
 That homage, which man's folly pays to you.

Ye mists and vapors, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,
 Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests ! praise the almighty Lord.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the sea's vast bosom sleep :
 At whose command the foaming billows roar ;
 Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

Praise him, old monuments of time !
 O praise him, ye in youthful prime !
 All ye, who shine in beauty's excellence !
 And praise him, thou, sweet age of innocence !

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 From whom its various blessings spring ;
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

HEAVEN.

THE earth, all light and loveliness, in summer's golden
 hours,
 Smiles, in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with
 festal flowers,
 So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
 We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect
 bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim, of that which is to
come ?

What shall the unveiled glories be, of our celestial
home,

Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of
bliss gush free,

And all is glowing in the light of immortality !

To see again the home of youth, when weary years
have passed,

Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it
last ;

To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous em-
brace,

To gaze through tears of gladness, on each dear familiar
face—

O ! this indeed is joy, though here, we meet again to
part :

But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful
heart,

Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have
gone before,

Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come
no more !

When on Devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars
above,

And feels thy presence, Father ! Friend ! God of
eternal love !

Joys of the Earth ! ye fade away before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and
perfect day—

A gleam of heaven's own light—though now its
 brightness scarce appears,
 Through the dim shadows, which are spread around
 this vale of tears ;
 But thine unclouded smile, O God ! fills that all glorious
 place,
 Where we shall know as we are known, and see thee
 face to face.

THE OFFERING.

'T WAS Sabbath morn—the morning of the day
 Hallowed in memory of that glorious conquest
 The Lord of Life achieved o'er Death and Sin,
 And all the sorrows of mortality—
 'T was on that morn, my Boy ! a sinless babe
 I held thee at the consecrating fount,
 And, while the Priest sprinkled thy smiling face
 With the pure element, pronouncing thee
 Baptized into the name of Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost—Mysterious Triad—then,
 Even then, I GAVE THEE TO MY GOD. My spirit,
 In deep humility before his footstool,
 Inaudibly poured out its prayer, that One
 Mightier than he who had baptized with water
 Would then baptize thee with the Holy Ghost
 And fire, and fill thy soul with wisdom, truth,
 And love. My rapt imagination, then,
 Grateful, beheld the Mystic Dove descend,
 Accept the offering, claim the gift, and shed
 Its heavenly benediction. Wert thou not—

Tell me, my Boy!—wert thou not then ordained—
 Though all unconscious of the solemn act—
 A messenger of grace,—a chosen vessel,
 Freighted with blessings for thy fellow men
 From the exhaustless treasury of Love
 Divine and infinite?

Go forth, then, Boy!

And fit thee for the heraldry of God:—
 Put on the breastplate of resistless truth;
 Be clad in raiment of exulting praise,
 And sandaled with the gospel preparation—
 To him that hungers break the bread of heaven;
 To him that thirsts dispense the living stream;
 The naked clothe with garments of salvation;
 Enduring riches to the poor impart;
 The sick and heavy-laden teach to bear
 The yoke of Him, whose meek and lowly temper
 Gives rest to weary and o'erburdened souls.
 Speak terror to the wicked; to the proud
 Humility; to those that boast their wealth,
 And talk of goods laid up for coming years,
 Give warning that the unprepared soul
 May, on the instant, be required, and leave
 To unknown heirs the goods it had provided.
 Awake the sluggard; raise the guilty fallen;
 Support the feeble; animate the strong,
 And scatter light before the mental blind.
 Teach infant tongues sweetly to lisp the name
 Of Jesus—for of such his kingdom comes;
 Open the lips of age, to speak His praise,
 Whose mercy spared, whose bounty crowned their lives.
 Break not the bruised reed, but healing oil

Pour on the wounded, broken heart ; nor quench
 The smoking flax, but strive to raise the flame.
 Teach those, who mourn for sin, to try the power
 Of true repentance, and the leprosy
 Of inward guilt to wash away in floods
 Of penitential tears. Soothe with bright hopes
 The pillow of the dying, and to the soul
 That, trembling, flutters on the verge of life,
 Say, " God is thy salvation !"

Execute

Thy high commission—run thy destined course—
 REDEEM THY FATHER'S PLEDGE. In vigorous youth
 Perform the work of far-protracted age :
 So shall the righteous dead, early removed,
 Condemn the old age and the many years
 Of the ungodly living. Though in the sight
 Of the unwise they seem to die, yet God
 Shall hold them in his hand, secure from ill,
 Untouched by pain or torment ; full of peace
 And hope of immortality—with Him
 And with the Lamb for evermore to reign.

JEHOVAH REIGNS.

JEHOVAH reigns ; let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
 Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
 And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim ;
 Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,
 Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command
 O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land ;
 Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
 And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
 He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
 Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
 Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night ;
 His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
 And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :
 Seasons and months began the long procession,
 And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up the ethereal way,
 Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
 And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light
 Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;
 Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
 Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he dressed,
 And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
 Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
 The circling waters round her winding shores ;
 The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
 And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finished pride,
 All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride :

Fresh with untarnished lustre as she stood,
 Her Maker blessed his work, and called it good ;
 The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
 Exulting sung, and hailed the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must pass away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppressed,
 Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
 His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky ;
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
 And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fixed, O God ! for ever stands thy throne ;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone ;
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected or diffused, is still the same.
 He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But O ! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease your songs ; the daring flight control,
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul ;
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

THE BAPTISM.

'T WAS near the close of that blessed day, when, with
melodious swell,

To crowded mart and lonely shade had spoke the Sab-
bath bell;

And on a broad unruffled stream, with bordering ver-
dure bright,

The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson
light.

When, lo! a solemn train appeared, by their loved pas-
tor led,

And sweetly rose the holy hymn, as toward that stream
they sped,

And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with graceful move-
ment trod,

His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion with his
God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approached the willow-
fringed shore,

A man of many weary years, with furrowed temples
hoar;

And faintly breathed his trembling lip, "Behold! I fain
would be,

Buried in Baptism with my Lord, ere death shall sum-
mon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did wavering
Peter guide,

The pastor bore his tottering frame through that trans-
lucent tide,

And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave, and spake
 the triune name,
 And joy upon that withered face in wondering radiance
 came.

And then advanced a lordly form, in manhood's tower-
 ing pride,
 Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely turned
 aside,
 And following in his steps who bowed to Jordan's star-
 tled wave,
 In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness gave.

Who next? A fair and fragile form in snowy robe doth
 move,
 That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the vow of
 love;
 Yea, come, thou gentle one, and clothe thyself with
 strength divine;
 This stern world has a thousand darts to vex a breast
 like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness
 bound;
 Cling to that Comforter, who holds a balm for every
 wound;
 Propitiate that Protector's care, who never will forsake,
 And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, even when thy
 heart-strings break.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path
 she trod,
 And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to
 her God;

And when, all drooping from the flood, she rose like
 lily's stem,
 Methought that spotless brow might wear an angel's
 diadem.

Yet more ! Yet more ! How meek they bow to their
 Redeemer's rite,
 Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of
 light ;
 But, lingering on those shores, I staid till every sound
 was hushed ;
 For hallowed musings o'er my soul like spring-swollen
 rivers rushed.

" 'T is better," said the voice within, " to bear the Chris-
 tian's cross,
 Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death shall
 prove but dross ;
 Far better, when yon shriveled skies are like a banner
 furled,
 To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the glory of the
 world."

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He, that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
 Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground ;
 The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloud-capped eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain ;
 If Winter bellow from the North,
 Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast ?
 The dark appearance will not last ;
 Expect a brighter sky.
 The god, that strings the silver bow,
 Awakes, sometimes, the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen ;
 But, O ! if fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in.

WRITTEN IN

THE BURYING-GROUND AT NEW-HAVEN

O! WHERE are they, whose all, that earth could give,
 Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared?
 Where even they, who taught these stones to grieve!
 The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that rear-
 ed?

Such the poor bounds of all that 's hoped or feared,
 Within the griefs and smiles of this short day,
 Here sunk the honored, vanished the endeared,
 This the last tribute love to love could pay,
 An idle pageant pile to graces passed away.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb?
 Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane?
 Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom,
 In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?
 Go, rather, bid the sand the trace retain,
 Of all that parted virtue felt and did!
 Yet powerless man revolts at ruin's reign;
 Hence blazoned flattery mocks pride's coffin lid;
 Hence towered on Egypt's plains the giant pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die!
 Be lowly as the relics ye o'erspread!
 Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,
 To tell who slumbers in each narrow bed;
 I would not honor thus the sainted dead;
 Nor to each stranger's careless ear declare
 My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.
 O, let me hide the names of those, that were,
 Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there!

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Lo ! the seal of Death is breaking,—
Those who slept its sleep are waking,—

Eden opes her portals fair !

Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,

Hark ! the seraph's hymn is singing,

And the living rills are flinging

Music on immortal air !

There—no more at eve declining,—

Suns without a cloud are shining

O'er the land of life and love ;

Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper ;

Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper ;

Not a tear is left the weeper

To profane one flower above.

No frail lillies there are breathing,

There no thorny rose is wreathing

In the bowers of paradise ;—

Where the founts of life are flowing,

Flowers, unknown to time, are blowing,

Mid superber verdure glowing

Than is sunned by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never

Fade or fall, are green forever,

Mirrored in the radiant tide ;

There, along the sacred waters,

Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,

Wander earth's immortal daughters,

Each a pure immortal's bride.

There no sigh of memory swelleth ;
 There no tear of misery welletth ;
 Hearts will bleed or break no more :
 Past is all the cold world's scorning,
 Gone the night, and broke the morning,
 With seraphic day adorning
 Life's glad waves and golden shore.

O ! on that bright shore to wander,
 Trace those radiant waves' meander,
 All we loved and lost to see,—
 Is this hope, so pure, so splendid,
 Vainly with our being blended?
 No ! with Time ye are not ended,
 Visions of Eternity !

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

THE ship's bell tolled, and slowly to the deck
 Came forth the summoned crew—bold, hardy men,
 Far from their native skies, stood silent there
 With melancholy brows. From the low clouds,
 That o'er the horizon hovered, came a sound
 Of distant muttered thunder. Broken waves
 Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
 Of Ocean, which, in brooding stillness, lay
 Like some vindictive king, who meditates
 On hoarded wrongs, and wakes the wrathful war.

The ship's bell tolled, and lo ! a youthful form,
 Which oft had dared the high and slippery shrouds,
 At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid

Down at his comrades' feet ; mournful they gazed
 Upon his noble brow, and some there were,
 Who, in that bitter hour, remembered well
 The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
 And the fond tears, that o'er his mother's cheek
 Went coursing down, when her son's happy voice
 Bade them farewell. But one, who nearest stood
 To that pale shrouded corpse, remembered more ;—
 Of a white cottage, with its shaven lawn,
 And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl,
 Who at her porch of creeping woodbine watched
 His last far step, and then rushed back to weep ;—
 And close that faithful comrade in his breast
 Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
 Had severed with a cold and trembling hand
 In life's extremity, and bade him bear,
 With broken words of love's last eloquence,
 To his sweet Mary. Now that chosen friend
 Bowed low his sun-burnt face, and like a child
 Sobbed in his sorrow. But there came a tone,
 Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
 —“ I am the resurrection !”

Every heart

Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
 There stood the Chaplain—his uncovered brow
 Pure from all earthly passion—while his voice,
 Rich as the balm from plants of paradise,
 Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
 Of dying men.

It was a holy hour !

There lay the wreck of youthful beauty—here
 Stood mourning manhood, while supporting Faith

Cast her strong anchor where no moaning surge
Might threaten, and no mortal wo invade.

There was a plunge! the parting Sea complained;
Death from her briny bosom took his own.
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of Ocean, mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
Mid all the funeral pomp, the measured dirge,
And monumental grandeur, with which Earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the wild Sea,
Opening her mouth to whelm that Sailor Youth.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the East. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And Nature, from the wary forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing blossoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet,
Ay, beautifully meet, for the pure prayer.

The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon the gorgeous Orient;

And at that hour the awful majesty
 Of man, who talketh often with his God,
 Is wont to come again and clothe his brow
 As at his fourscore strength. But now he seemeth
 To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
 And boweth to his staff as at the hour
 Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
 He looketh at its penciled messengers
 Coming in golden raiment, as if all
 Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
 Ah! he is waiting till it herald in
 The hour to sacrifice his much loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands,
 Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
 Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
 And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
 Would she have watched their path so silently,
 If she had known that he was going up,
 Even in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
 As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
 Together onward, patriarch and child—
 The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
 In straight and fair proportions, as of one
 Whose years were freshly numbered. He stood up,
 Even in his vigorous strength, and like a tree
 Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not;
 His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
 And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
 Impressed with the stern majesty of grief
 Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
 Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.

But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
 And ruby lip,—the pride of life was on him.
 He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
 And the aroma of the spicy trees,
 And all that giveth the delicious East
 Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
 Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
 With love and beauty. Every thing he met,
 Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
 Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
 Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path ;
 And joyously broke forth his tiny shout
 As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
 Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
 To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
 And fragrant shrub was a new hiding place,
 And he would couch till the old man came by,
 Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
 Stealing a look behind him playfully,
 To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
 From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
 Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
 And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
 Still trod the patriarch on with that same step,
 Firm and unfaltering, turning not aside,
 To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
 In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
 Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
 Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
 To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,

And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings,
 As in the early morning ; but he kept
 Close by his father's side, and bent his head
 Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
 Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
 A look up to the face, whose sternness awed
 His childishness to silence.

It was noon—

And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
 And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
 He could not look upon his son and pray ;
 But with his hand upon the clustering curls
 Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
 Would nerve him for that hour. O ! man was made
 For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
 There is more tenderness ; the thousand cords
 Woven with every fibre of her heart,
 Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath :
 But love in man is one deep principle,
 Which like a root grown in a rifted rock,
 Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
 The wood upon the altar. All was done.
 He stood a moment—and a deep quick flush
 Passed o'er his countenance ; and then he nerved
 His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
 “ Isaac ! my only son ”—the boy looked up,
 And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.
 “ Where is the lamb, my father ? ”—O the tones,
 The sweet, the thrilling music of a child !—
 How it doth agonize at such an hour !—
 It was the last, deep struggle—Abraham held

His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
 And lifted up his arm, and called on God—
 And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell
 Upon his face and wept.

THE NEW MOON.

WHEN, as the gairish day is done,
 Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'T is passing sweet to mark,
 Amid that flush of crimson light,
 The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
 A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
 When first the wandering eye
 Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
 That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
 Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
 The hopes of early years ;
 And childhood's purity and grace,
 And joys, that like a rainbow chase
 The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
 Of freedom, when that virgin beam
 Comes out upon the air ;

And painfully the sick man tries
 To fix his dim and burning eyes
 On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight,
 Glitters that pure, emerging light ;
 For prattling poets say,
 That sweetest is the lover's walk,
 And tenderest is their murmured talk,
 Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
 A type of errors, loved of old,
 Forsaken and forgiven ;
 And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
 Just opening in their early birth,
 Like that new light in heaven.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds, of wandering wing !
 Whence is 't ye come with the flowers of Spring ?

We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
 Silent they lie, with the deserts round !

We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide has rolled
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;

And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the Monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?

"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nests we built."

O joyous birds, it hath still been so!
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go;
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the Peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there, and many a change;
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of silvery hair;
And the young, that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played;
Nought looks the same, save the nests we made."

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds, that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So shall *we* reach our home at last.

I SEE THEE STILL.

“ I rocked her in her cradle,
 And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest* ;
 What fire-side circle hath not felt the charm
 Of that sweet tie ? The youngest ne'er grew old.
 The fond endearments of our earlier days
 We keep alive in them, and when they die,
 Our youthful joys we bury with them.”

I SEE thee still :

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
 Calls thee in beauty from the dust :
 Thou comest in the morning light,
 Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night ;
 In dreams I meet thee as of old ;
 Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
 And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;
 In every scene, to memory dear,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still,
 In every hallowed token round ;
 This little ring thy finger bound,
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
 This silken chain by thee was braided,
 These flowers, all withered, now, like thee,
 Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me ;
 This book was thine, here didst thou read ;
 This picture, ah ! yes, here, indeed,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still :

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
 Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;

This was thy chamber ; here, each day,
 I sat and watched thy sad decay ;
 Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,
 Here, on this pillow—thou didst die :
 Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold ;
 As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still :

Thou art not in the grave confined,
 Death cannot chain the immortal mind ;
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust ;
 Thee, O my SISTER, 't is not thee,
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;
 Thou to a fairer land art gone ;
 There, let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still.

BIRTH SONG.

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

HAIL ! new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,
 Young voyager upon Time's rapid river !
 Hail to thee, Human Soul,
 Hail, and for ever !

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun !
 A life has just begun !
 Another soul has won
 The glorious spark of being !

Pilgrim of life, all hail !
 He, who at first called forth,
 From nothingness, the earth,
 Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea,
 Who gave the stars to gem
 Night like a diadem,
 Thou little child, made thee !
 Young creature of the earth,
 Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
 Hail, all hail !

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll ;
 The solid Earth dissolve ; The Sun grow pale ;
 But thou, O Human Soul,
 Shalt be immortal. Hail !

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun !
 A life has just begun !
 Another soul has won
 The glorious spark of being !
 O young immortal, hail !
 He, before whom are dim
 Seraph and cherubim,
 Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
 Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
 The Everlasting One,
 O blessed child, made thee !
 Fair creature of the earth,
 Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth,
 Hail, all hail !

DIRGE OF DEATH.

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

SHRINK not, O Human Spirit,
 The Everlasting Arm is strong to save !
 Look up—look up, frail Nature ! put thy trust
 In Him, who went down mourning to the dust,
 And overcame the grave !

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'T is nearly done !
 Life's work is nearly done ;
 Watching and weariness and strife !
 One little struggle more,
 One pang, and it is o'er,
 Then farewell, life !
 Farewell, farewell, farewell !
 Kind friends, 't is nearly past ;
 Come, come and look your last !
 Sweet children, gather near,
 And that last blessing hear,—
 See how he loved you, who departeth now !
 And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
 O most beloved one,
 Whose breast he leaned upon,
 Come, faithful unto death,
 And take his latest breath !
 Farewell—farewell—farewell !

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Hail, disenthralled Spirit !
 Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod !
 On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,

And stand with thy Redeemer face to face,
And bow before thy God!

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'T is done—'t is done!

Life's weary work is done!

Now the glad spirit leaves the clay,

And treads, with winged ease,

The bright acclivities

Of Heaven's crystalline way!

Joy to thee, Blessed One!

Lift up, lift up thine eyes!

Yonder is Paradise!

And this fair shining band

Are spirits of thy land;

And these, that throng to meet thee, are thy kin,

Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!

Bright Spirit, thou art blest;

This city's name is Rest;

Here sin and sorrow cease,

And thou hast won its peace;

Joy to thee, Blessed One!

A PLACE OF REST.

“Alli los impios eosaron del tumulto; y alli reposaron los de fuerzas
causadas.” EL LIBRO DE JOB.

WEEP not! thou heaven-ward Pilgrim, here, upon
whose changeful way

The gloom of many a care is thrown, where'er thy feet
may stray;

Within whose heart some tender pulse must echo unto
 pain,
 When tried by this inconstant world, whose brightest
 dreams are vain ;
 Weep not ! though o'er the living glow of pleasure's
 gorgeous wreath,
 Fate's swift and eddying whirlwinds sweep the staining
 cloud of death ;
 For endless raptures will be thine in mansions of the
 blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
 are at rest.

Thou must bend unto the Chastener here, and see the
 , deeply loved,
 The pure and beautiful of earth, by early death remov-
 ed ;—
 Thou must feel the oppressive thralldom of thy prison-
 house of clay,
 Till thy fetters are all broken, and thy spirit soars away ;
 Thou must mark on many a blighted cheek the autumnal
 mildews cling,
 Thou must bow beneath Time's shadowy frown when
 snows are on his wing,
 Till the bright and golden streets of Heaven are by thy
 feet impressed—
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
 are at rest.

How many flowers will rise and bloom, their flood of
 sweets to pour
 Across the mazes of thy way, that earth may not re-
 store !

How many fond eyes full of love will in the grave be
hid!

How will the cold, funereal pall lie on each folded lid!
Thou must pile the vale's remorseless clod upon each
pallid brow,

Thou wilt list the chant of winds at eve, in the dark
cypress bough—

Till, with a pale and deluged cheek, and with a yearning
breast,

Thou wilt long for pinions of a dove, to soar and be at
rest!

Yet, it is but for a moment, and thy trials all are past—
And *then*—upon the empyreal air, thy spirit-wings are
cast;

Then the bonds of earth will sunder; and thine ear will
drink the song,

Which swells ambrosial pastures green and crystal
waves along:

Thou wilt join the lost and lovely, that have gone before
to God,

In a glad, "continual city," by the earth's redeemed
ones trod;

Where each angel's plumes are folded o'er a peaceful
brow and breast—

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

DEATH'S CLAIMINGS.

WARRIOR, in the tented field,
 With that fearless brow and eye,
 Proudly girding on thy shield,
 Dreaming but of victory,
 Every look and tone display
 What a dauntless heart is thine ;
 Yet, ere sunset's parting ray,
 Gallant Warrior, thou art mine !

Monarch, on thy gorgeous throne,
 Glittering with royalty,
 Wealth and splendor are thy own,
 Nations bow the knee to thee :
 All of treasure earth bestows,
 From the land and sea, is thine—
 Yet, ere night its darkness throws,
 Haughty Monarch, thou art mine !

Statesman, in thy secret room,
 Willing up to power and fame ;
 Toiling on through nights of gloom,
 Worshiping ambition's name :
 In a bright perspective shown,
 Fortune, favor, all are thine—
 Yet, ere evening's shade is thrown,
 Reckless Statesman, thou art mine !

Lady, in thy rose-clad bower,
 Dreaming on in loveliness,
 Winning from each passing hour
 Pleasure, in her gayest dress :

All that life can e'er bestow,
 Beauty, wealth, and rank are thine—
 Yet, ere twilight's softened glow,
 Fairest Lady, thou art mine !

Yes ! all are mine ; the brightest flower
 In fragrant bloom may pass away ;
 And trophies, won from every hour,
 All tell of my resistless sway.
 Yes ! all are mine ; successive years
 Bring but new victims to my shrine ;
 Sorrow and gladness, smiles and tears,
 And youth and age—all, all are mine.

CHRIST THE EXEMPLAR.

CHRIST had his sorrows, when he shed
 His tears, O Palestine ! for thee—
 When all but weeping females fled,
 In his dark hour of agony.

Christ had his sorrows—so must thou,
 If thou wilt tread the path he trod—
 O then, like him, submissive bow,
 And love the sovereignty of God !

Christ had his joys—but they were not
 The joys the son of pleasure boasts—
 O no ! 't was when his spirit sought
 Thy will, Thy glory, God of Hosts !
 Christ had his joys—and so hath he,
 Who feels His spirit in his heart ;

Who yields, O God ! his all to Thee,
And loves Thy name, for what Thou art !

Christ had his friends—his eye could trace,
In the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears.
These are his friends—and these are thine,
If thou to him hast bowed the knee ;
And where these ransomed millions shine,
Shall thy eternal mansion be !

WARNINGS.

“ I have called, but ye refused—I have stretched out my hand, and
no man regarded.”

THERE is a voice of God for the careless ear—
A low breathed whisper when none is near ;
In the silent watch of the night's calm hours,
When the dews are at rest in the deep-sealed flowers ;
When the wings of the zephyr are folded up,
When the violet bendeth its azure cup ;
'T is a breath of reproof—a murmuring tone,
Like music remembered, or ecstasies gone.

'T is a voice, that sweeps through the Evening sky,
When the clouds o'er the pale moon are hurrying by,
While the fickle gusts, as they come and go,
Wake the forest-boughs, on the mountain's brow ;
It speaks in the shadows that swiftly pass ;—
In the waves, that are roused from the lake's clear glass,

Where the summer shores, in their verdant pride,
Were pictured but late in the stainless tide.

And that voice breaks out in the Tempest's flight,
When the wild winds sweep in their fearful might;
When the lightnings go forth on the hills to play,—
As they pass, on their pinions of fire away;
While they fiercely smile through the dusky sky,
As the thunder-peals to their glance reply;
As the bolts leap out from the sombre cloud,
While the midnight whirlwinds sing wild and loud!

'T is a voice, which comes in the early Morn,
When the matin hymns of the birds are born;
It steals from the fold of the painted cloud,—
From the forest draperies, sublime and proud;
Its tones are blent with the running stream,
As it sweeps along, like a changeful dream,
In its light and shade through the chequered vale,
While the uplands are fanned by the viewless gale.

In the Twilight hour, when the weary bird
On its nest is sleeping, that voice is heard;
While the mist-robcs are drawn o'er the green earth's
breast,

And the sun hath gone down from the faded west;
In the hush of that silence,—when winds are still,
And the light wakes no smile in the babbling rill;
Through the wonderful depths of the purple air,
O'er the landscape trembling—that voice is there!

There are whispers of God in the Cataract's roar—
In the Sea's rude wail, in its sounding shore;

In the waves that melt on her azure Isles,
 Where the sunny South on their verdure smiles,
 In the ocean-ward Wind from the orange trees ;
 In the Sabean odors that load the breeze ;
 'Midst the incense that floats from Arabia's strand,
 That tone is there, with its whispers bland !

And it saith to the cold and the restless heart,
 " How long wilt thou turn from *the better part* ?
 I have called from the infinite depths of Heaven—
 I have called ;—but no answer to me was given ;
 From many a hallowed and glorious spot,
 I have called, by my Spirit—*and ye would not !*
 Thou art far from the haven, and tempest-tossed—
 Hear the cry of thy Pilot, or thou art lost ! "

THE LAST SLEEP.

" The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him. "

WHEN, like a shade from Summer's sky,
 The darkness of this life shall cease,
 When the unconscious breast shall lie
 In the still earth's funereal peace ;—
 How will the sleeper rest in dust,
 His clay with kindred clay be blent,
 While the free spirit of the just,
 Soars to a brighter element !

There is a tranquilizing thought
 Commingled with the voiceless grave ;

'Tis with no bitter memories fraught—
 It echoes not to Time's dull wave ;
 Passion and Pride are passed away,
 As the deep slumberer sinks to rest ;
 Like gilded clouds, when sunset's ray,
 Is fading from the unbounded west.

And the hot gusts of kindling wrath,
 That lashed the bosom into storm ;
 They darken not that slumberer's path,
 And the knit brow no more deform ;
 The throbbing heart is calm and hushed ;
 The pulse of hate is cold and still ;
 And hopes, by sin and sorrow crushed,
 Rise not to vex the baffled will !

Thus should it be ! He slumbers now
 Sweet as the cradled infant's rest ;
 No shadows cross that settled brow,
 On which the unfelt clod is pressed ;
 From the sealed lid there steals no tear ;
 There is no care the eye to dim ;
 And, in his shroud reposing there,
 The vale's dull clod "is sweet to him."

O, who could wake the sleeper up,
 To walk earth's gloomy round again ;
 To feel the drops from sorrow's cup,
 Rise to the hot and fevered brain ?
 Far rather, in their lowly bed,
 Let his still ashes moulder on ;
 Since the free spirit is not dead,
 But to an endless life is gone !

“THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.”

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways ;
 Come, while sweet thoughts like summer buds unfolding,
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
 Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;
 Pleasure will fold her wing ; and friend and lover
 Will to the embraces of the worm have gone.
 Those who now love thee, will have passed for ever ;
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee ;
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
 Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
 Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky.
 Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
 That lights the future with a fadeless ray ;
 Come, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,
 Then turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
 And, shadowed brightly in the forward distance,
 Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal ;—

Home of the weary, where in dust reposing,
 Thy spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 While this his dust the curtained grave is closing—
 Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this !

VANITIES.

O ! WHAT is pleasure, in whose chase
 Life's one brief day is made a race
 Of vanity and lightness ?
 A star, to gaze on whose bright crown .
 We wait until the sun goes down,
 And find, when it has o'er us shone,
 No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship ? That false flower
 Which spreads its leaves at daylight's hour,
 And closes them at eve ;
 Opening its petals to the light,
 Sweet-breathing while the sun shines bright,
 But shut to those, who, 'midst the night
 Of doubt and darkness, grieve.

And what is Fame ? The smile that slays,—
 The cup in which sweet poison plays ;
 At best, the flowery wreath,
 That 's twined around the victim's head,
 When, 'midst sweet flowers around it spread,
 And harp's and timbrel's sounds, 't is led,
 Melodiously, to death.

And what are Hopes? Gay butterflies,
 That on the breath of fancy rise,
 Where'er the sun-beam lures them ;
 For ever, ever on the wing,
 Mocking our faint steps following,
 And if at last caught, perishing
 In the grasp that secures them.

And our Affections,—what are they?
 O, blossoms, smiling on the spray,
 All beauty, and all sweetness ;
 But which the canker may lay bare,
 Or rude hands from the branches tear,
 Or blighting winds leave withering there,
 Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is Life itself? A sail,
 With sometimes an auspicious gale,
 And some bright sunbeams round it ;
 But oftener amidst tempests cast,
 The lowering sky, the howling blast,
 And whelmed beneath the wave at last,
 Where never plummet sounded.

THE DEAD FATHER.

COME hither child, and kneel
 In prayer, above thy father's lifeless form—
 He loved thee well in sunshine and in storm,
 Through days of wo and weal ;
 His blessings on thy head no more are given,
 As once they came like gentle dews of Heaven.

Look on that pallid face !
 Its wonted smiles are calmly resting there,
 Unbroken by the deep drawn lines of care ;
 Sorrow hath left no trace
 Of furrowed bitterness upon the meek
 And still expression of that blanched cheek.

Thou scarce canst feel thy loss,
 Or know the chilling cares that have begun,
 To shadow thy bright pathway, gentle one !
 Many a withering cross
 May in thy guileless bosom plant its sting,
 And to thy hopes a poisoned chalice bring.

How sad the fireside hearth !
 His manly form shall never—never more
 Darken the threshold of our cottage door ;
 Nor the full sound of mirth
 Go up in gladness to the whited wall ;
 For death has entered with his funeral pall.

A chair is vacant now !
 A cheerful eye and a contented face
 Have left, for aye, their wonted dwelling place ;
 And we must bow !
 A blessing 's gone ! a noble form is riven,
 To darken this cold Earth and gladden Heaven.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIÈR, go—but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;
 Not to build a vaunting name,
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure ;
 Dream not that the way is smooth ;
 Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
 Turn no wishful eye of youth,
 Where the sunny beam reposes ;
 Thou hast sterner work to do,
 Hosts to cut thy passage through :
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning ;
 Forward !—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow :
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,
 Wearier than another's waking ;
 Such a charge as thou dost keep
 Brooks no moment of forsaking ;
 Sleep, as on the battle-field,
 Girded—grasping sword and shield ;
 Those, thou canst not name nor number,
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done ;
 Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying.
 'T was thy Lord the battle won ;
 Jesus vanquished them by dying.

Pass the stream—before thee lies
 All the conquered land of glory.
 Hark ! what songs of rapture rise !
 These proclaim the victor's story.
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
 Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
 Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
 Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

THE ADVANCING CHRISTIAN AND HIS TRIUMPH.

Go, traveler ! still onward go,
 And if the scene be fair,
 If mountains shade, and waters flow,
 And woods and fields be there,
 Thou must not rest among the flowers,
 Nor linger in the fairy bowers.

Go, traveler ! and if the sky
 Be stormy, wild and drear,
 And torrents fall, and lightnings fly,
 And thunders fright thine ear ;
 Fly not to hide thy trembling form,
 Where caverns deep shut out the storm.

And while amid the desert land
 Thou tread'st the unknown way,
 Fear not the red, the scorching sand,
 Nor the hot noon-tide ray ;
 The God of Israel guides thee right,
 With cloud by day, with fire by night.

Beside the blue horizon's verge,
 A glorious city stands,
 Before it spreads a swelling surge,
 Around it, angel bands ;
 Faith, with her glass of softest light,
 Displays it to thy wondering sight.

Poor, weary traveler ! thy home
 Within that city lies ;
 When foes of savage nations come,
 Think on that glorious prize ;
 Then fire thy heart and nerve thy hand,
 And join thee with Immanuel's band.

Thou canst not pass along in peace ;
 On, on to battle press !
 Their hosts shall fall, their warfare cease,
 In utter helplessness.
 The God of armies bends thy bow,
 Directs thy sword, and quells thy foe.

A combat comes—severer still,—
 Thy dearest earthly friend
 May turn away from Zion's hill,
 And back his footsteps bend ;
 Thou must from that companion part,
 Regardless of thy bleeding heart.

His flowery path thou must not tread,
 The mountain pass is thine ;
 Dark are the rocks that shade thy head,
 Yet trees around them twine ;

And many a bright Oasis stands
To cheer thee in those desert lands.

Soon shalt thou come to Jordan's side,
And hear its billows chafe ;
Dread not the darkly rolling tide,
Poor traveler ! thou art safe ;
One parting pang, one struggle more,
And thou art on the heavenly shore.

What glittering sights are these around !
What music meets thine ear !
And who is He with glory crowned ?
Here, ransomed sinner, here
Forever bow, forever praise,
Through bright, eternal, blissful days !

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THE DEATH OF MOSES.

ON Nebo's consecrated mound,
Stood the dread prophet of the skies ;
He saw, far off, the holy ground,
While transport brightened in his eyes.

The Angel of the Lord stood near ;
He pointed out Canaan's springs ;
Jordan, whose flood, so bright and clear,
Flung back the splendor of his wings.

He cried—"Thou shalt not enter now,
Though highly favored of the sky ;
I've brought thee here to Nebo's brow,
To see the promised land, and die."

The Prophet, free from all alarms,
 Beheld the land, that God had blest ;
 Then, sinking in the Angel's arms,
 He slept in everlasting rest.

By faith, *we* have such glimpses too ;
 By faith the heavenly land is seen ;
 But when such glories meet the view,
 Death rolls his turbid waves between.

O when *my* feet are called to pass
 From life, and all its transient things,
 May that dread stream, as clear as glass,
 Reflect *my* guardian angel's wings !

O then, with Heaven before my eye,
 And in the glorious prospect blest,
 Without a pang, without a sigh,
 So may *I* calmly sink to rest !

TO THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past !
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain ;
 And fetters sure and fast
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
 And glorious ages gone,
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, manhood, age, that draws us towards the ground,
 And last—man's life on earth
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years :
 Thou hast my early friends—the good—the kind—
 Yielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense ;
 And struggles hard to wring
 Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
 All passage save to those who hence depart ;
 Nor to the streaming eye
 Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
 Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
 Earth's wonder and her pride
 Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labors of good to man,
 Unpublished charity, unbroken faith—
 Love, that midst grief began,
 And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;
 With thee are silent fame,
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they ;—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last.
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy chains shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
 Shall then come forth, to wear
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
 Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
 Smiles radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat,—

All shall come back—each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
 Alone shall Evil die,
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold,
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung ;
 And her, who still and cold
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

INFINITUDE.

“ Is not God in the height of Heavens? And behold the height of
 the Stars, how high they are!” Job xxii. 12.

SOAR upward, boundless Thought !
 Through the far evening skies direct thy way,
 Where, with deep glory fraught,
 The splendors of unnumbered star-beams play,
 Burning in azure fields,—unwedded to Decay !

Earth hath its primal hours—
 The opening beauty of its peerless Spring,
 With all its leaves and flowers ;
 When Time goes by with radiance on his wing,
 O'er the ephemeral bloom, a rainbow spell to fling.

Yet, to the pensive eye,
 That looks on Autumn in its blighted time,
 How sad—how silently
 Is changed the beauty of the young year's clime !
 Gone are the buds it nursed—the gladness of its prim.

But, in the unbounded space,
 That brightly bends its calm blue arch above,
 Lingers undying grace—
 A glow, which Time's dull lapse can ne'er remove—
 A halo of delight—a Cynosure of Love.

Change comes not there, to dim
 The sapphire hues, that the pure heavens invest ;
 And the melodious hymn
 Of morning stars, in their far home of rest,
 Lifts high the praise of God, and stirs the throbbing
 breast.

Kingdoms in dust are laid ;
 Column and fane in wrecks are overthrown ;
 The Pilgrim's prayer is said
 'Midst halls of mighty dead, with weeds o'ergrown,
 Where the green lizard broods on the damp threshold-
 stone.

Names, lofty in their day,
 Fade like the sunset from the western sky;—
 The soul deserts the clay,
 Death's torpid seal is on the languid eye,
 And o'er the mouldering tomb, Oblivion's wave goes by!

But still the glorious Heaven
 Uprears its mighty arch, by Death unwon,
 By storm and fire unriven;
 Though the thick tempest's wing may blot the sun,
 'T is but a brief eclipse, whose shadows soon are done.

Faint emblem of the glow—
 The flush of glories that beyond are spread:—
 To thy pure fount I bow
 Illumined Space!—throughout whose bounds was shed
 The radiance of that Star, which to the Savior led!

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

SWIFTLY, from the *smiling* shore,
 The pleasure boat is gliding,
 With gilded prow and dipping oar
 The silver wave dividing.
 Darting through the foaming spray
 She skims along the billow,
 Or softly steals her silent way
 Beneath the drooping willow.

The placid lake's effulgent dye
 Is glittering bright before her,
 And not a cloud obscures the sky
 That smiles in beauty o'er her.

Along the shore the summer beam
 Each flower and bud discloses,
 And silver lillies catch the gleam
 Of blush-diffusing roses.

And hark ! the bugle's mellow strain
 From hill to hill is ringing,
 And every zephyr o'er the plain
 The joyful note is bringing ;
 The eagle, from his eyrie, darts
 To hear the flying numbers,
 And Echo, in her grotto, starts,
 Awakened from her slumbers.

O ! like this lake, which, as it flows,
 Reflects the blaze of Heaven,
 So may the tide of life repose,
 Whilst o'er it we are driven ;
 May every hour be calm as this,
 Nor tempest dare invade us,
 Till we behold, supreme in bliss,
 The Mighty One that made us.

THE WILD AMARANTH.

THE rose, that gave its perfume to the gale,
 And triumphed for an hour, in gay parade,
 Pride of Damascus, bright imperial flower,
 Was born to fade !

Shorn of its bloom, and rifled of its power,
 Seared by the blast, and scattered in the vale !

So youth shall wither, beauty pass away ;
 The bloom of health, the flush of mantling pride,
 Nor wealth, nor skill, nor eloquence, can save,
 From swift decay ;
 Beauty and youth are dust, to dust allied,
 And Time returns its tribute to the grave !

Pale, unobtrusive tenant of the field !
 Thy fair, unsullied form shall still remain,
 Mid summer's heat, and autumn's chill career,
 And winter's reign.
 Even the first honors of the floral year
 To thee alone shall gay Narcissus yield.

Fair emblem art thou of the spotless breast ;
 Like thee, unfading flower ! shall virtue bloom,
 When youth and all its bustling pride repose,
 Deep in the tomb ;
 When beauty's cheek shall wither like the rose,
 And beauty's sparkling eye shall be at rest.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

“ Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
 Of Ocean's coral caves
 Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
 The music of its waves.”

BENEATH the cold and joyless wave,
 Which flashes with a thousand dyes,
 In an unseen, unfathomed grave,
 The Sailor's wasting body lies.

The booming waves go sounding on,
 To meet the far-off rock-bound shore,
 And mingling in a thousand gone,
 With a deep, sullen, endless roar.

He sleeps within a nation's tomb,
 Unnumbered nations' wealth around,
 Where lustrous stones light up the gloom,
 And golden harps forever sound ;
 The mermaids comb their amber hair
 Around the spot where he reposes,
 And hold their sportive revels there,
 When night around the ocean closes.

Far down the deep the sunbeams fly,
 And linger in its caves awhile,
 And light the coral grottoes nigh,
 Above a navy's ruined pile ;
 The long green sea-weed floats around
 The corse of many a nation's pride ;
 The wealth of empires strews the ground,
 And o'er their relics monsters ride.

The stars shed down their paly gleams,
 Into the chambers of the deep,
 And cast their ever flickering beams,
 On him, who lies in dreamless sleep ;
 His hair, like burning threads of gold,
 Gently around his forehead waves ;
 And gems, and pearls, and wealth untold,
 The floor around his body paves.

Still lies the sailor's mouldering form,
 Shrouded in rubies for a pall ;
 Above him rides the howling storm,
 Hoarse sounding like a demon's call ;
 That heart, which once with ardor burned,
 Has ceased its notes of joy to play ;
 Those sightless eyes are now upturned
 To where its soul has winged its way.

The springs of ocean rise and flow,
 Along a bed of scattered gems,
 And through the caves of ocean glow,
 A host of wasted diadems ;
 But what is all their proud display
 To him, whose living spirit 's fled ?
 To him, whose soul has passed away,
 Into the regions of the dead !

TO A LITTLE SISTER.

COME, Sister, come, the Sun is up and smiling o'er the
 earth,
 The morning lark is caroling her melody of mirth,
 And all the songsters of the sky, awakened by her strain,
 Respond in thrilling harmony from every hill and plain.
 The dew is sparkling on each flower, fairer than India's
 gems,
 A brighter, richer coronet than royal diadems ;
 Come let us forth to meet the sun, to hear the joyous lay
 Of Nature's minstrels, and to bathe our feet in glittering
 spray.

'T will make the purple tide of life in brisker currents
 flow,
 'T will bring upon thy tender cheek health's purest,
 ruddiest glow,
 'T will fill thy heart with calm delight, with peace, with
 joy, with love,
 And while thou viewest His goodness here, 't will lift
 thy soul above—

To that fair land, upon whose flower a heavenly dew dis-
 tils,
 That universe, whose farthest realms an angel anthem
 fills—
 That place where shines no sun by day, where smiles
 by night no moon,
 But God himself, in glory, pours one bright, eternal
 noon.

EVENING HYMN.

LORD of glory ! King of power !
 In this lone and silent hour,
 While the shades of darkness rise,
 And the eve is on the skies,
 And the twilight's glances set,
 And the starry watch has met ;
 Ere each welcome couch is pressed,
 Ere we seek our wonted rest ;
 By thy blessing as the dews,
 Which yon shaded skies diffuse,

Poured with healing influence,
 O'er the fast relaxing sense,
 Bid our feverish passions cease,
 Calm us with thy promised peace;
 And thy guardian presence spread
 Round each undefended head,
 Till the fires of morning burn,
 Till the wheel of light return.
 From the phantoms of the night,
 Dreaming horror, pale affright,
 Thoughts, which rack the slumbering breast,
 Fears, which haunt the realm of rest,
 And the wounded mind's remorse,
 And the tempter's secret force,
 Hide us 'neath thy mercy's shade,
 Shield us with thy might displayed.
 Yet not here revealed alone,
 Be thy power to comfort known;
 Whereso'er the brow of pain
 Seeks oblivion's balm in vain,
 Or the form of watchful grief
 Knows not of the night's relief;
 There thy pity, softening power,
 There the spirit's calm restore;
 Till each tongue, from murmuring free
 Wakes the hymn of praise to Thee!
 Yet a deeper shade than now
 Waits to shroud each mortal brow,
 And a gloom, when none can save,
 E'en the midnight of the grave,
 Where our father's relics rest,
 Now no more with wo oppressed.

As the parched and withering grass,
 Soon our fleeting forms shall pass,
 And our mortal course be o'er,
 And our place beheld no more.
 Grant, then, at our being's close,
 When that long and last repose
 Blends us with our kindred dust,
 Firm on Thee may be our trust,
 And our hopes, with dread unmixed,
 On the Rock of Ages fixed,
 Till the Sun of truth ascending,
 Wake a morn, which knows no ending.

PASSING AWAY.

“The things we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.”
 ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,
 Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
 Bright with beauty and girt with power,
 Whether eternity were not their dower ;
 And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
 Bearing this message to mortal ears :

“ We have no light that hath not been given,
 We have no strength but shall soon be riven,
 We have no power wherein man may trust,
 Like him are we, things of time and dust ;
 And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
 And the song of our silence, is—passing away.

“ We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
 Like lamps that have served for a festal night ;
 We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
 Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along ;
 Though worshiped as gods in the olden day,
 We shall be like a vain dream—passing away.”

From the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth,
 From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,
 From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,
 From childhood's song and affection's vow,
 From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,
 There breathes but one record—passing away.

Passing away, sing the breeze and rill,
 As they sweep on their course by vale and hill ;
 Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
 'T is the lesson of nature—the voice of time ;
 And man at last, like his fathers gray,
 Writes in his own dust—passing away.

THE SLEEPERS.

THEY are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?

Children wearied with their play ;

For the stars of night are peeping,

And the sun hath sunk away.

As the dew upon the blossoms

Bows them on their slender stem,

So, as light as their own bosoms,

Balmy sleep hath conquered them.

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?
 Mortals, compassed round with wo ;
 Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,
 Close for very weakness now ;
 And that short relief from sorrow,
 Harrassed nature still sustain,
 Till they wake again to-morrow
 Strengthened to contend with pain.

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?
 Captives in their gloomy cells ;
 Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
 With their many-colored spells.
 All they love—again they clasp them ;
 Feel again their long-lost joys ;
 But the haste, with which they grasp them,
 Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?
 Misers, by their hoarded gold ;
 And in fancy now are heaping
 Gems and pearls of price untold.
 Golden chains their limbs encumber,
 Diamonds seem before them strown ;
 But they waken from their slumber,
 And the splendid dream is flown.

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?
 Pause a moment, softly tread ;
 Anxious friends are fondly keeping
 Vigils by the sleeper's bed !

Other hopes have all forsaken,—
 One remains,—that slumber deep ;
 Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
 From that sweet, that saving sleep.

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?
 Thousands, who have passed away,
 From a world of wo and weeping,
 To the regions of decay !
 Safe they rest the green turf under ;
 Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
 Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
 Cannot break the sleep of death !

TO MY BROTHER.

Rise, Brother, rise ! for the feeble ray
 Of the morning star proclaims 't is day ;
 Far in the east gleams the dawning light,
 And slowly retires the dusky night ;
 Rise, Brother, rise ! for this hour is given
 To raise the heart to its kindred heaven.

O sweet is the morning breeze, and sweet
 The morning song where the warblers meet,
 In the verdant grove, in nature's power,
 To add new charms to this sacred hour ;
 And methinks their artless notes arise,
 Like the strains of the blessed in Paradise.

The dew drop 's bright on the blooming rose,
 And bright is the mound where the streamlet flows,
 The willow waves in its native pride,
 And the murmur soothes as the waters glide.
 Rise, Brother, rise ! for the hour is given,
 To raise the heart to its kindred heaven.

Though far from the vale where, in life's gay dawn,
 We gathered wild flowers from the dewy lawn ;
 Though far from the grave where our father rests,
 'Neath the cold, cold turf that shields his breast ;
 Yet, Brother, the flowers on the stranger's land
 Were formed by a Father's fostering hand.

Then, Brother, rise ! we'll haste to the grove,
 To join the choir, in the hymns of love,
 For the widow's guard our lips would bless—
 The friend of the friendless fatherless ;
 Our tears to grief no more be given,
 God is our Sire—our home is Heaven.

THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
 Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers ;
 It flourished on the same light stem,
 It drank the same clear dews with them :
 The crimson tints of summer morn,
 That gilded one, did each adorn ;
 The breeze, that whispered light and brief
 To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf ;

When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,
And left the leaf to lone decay,
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die,
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirled and eddied wearily.
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumbered on the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,
Bright as the birthday of the flowers;
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As withered and as lost as they.
Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gaily greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That kindle to the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and, one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom;
Another treads the path of fame,
And barter peace to win a name;
Another still tempts fortune's wave,
And, seeking wealth, secures a grave:

The last grasps yet the brittle thread—
 Though friends are gone and joy is dead,
 Still dares the dark and fretful tide,
 And clutches at its power and pride,
 Till suddenly the waters sever,
 And, like the leaf, he sinks forever.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

MAIDEN!—whose mirthful glances speak
 Youth's fullness of delight,
 The opening rose upon whose cheek
 Is delicately bright
 As the spring flowers thy hand hath wove
 Thy sunny locks among,
 All radiant in the light of love,—
 Forsake the festal throng,
 Draw near, and bow thy graceful head,
 To gaze upon the youthful dead.

See! on her pale and placid brow,
 Parts the dark wavy hair;
 Upon her breast her hands of snow
 Are clasped as if in prayer;
 And yet there lingers on her face,
 Like moonlight on the wave,
 Shedding o'er all a tender grace,
 The angel smile she gave,
 When from this pale but lovely clay
 The sainted spirit passed away.

Maiden ! what recks that spirit now
 How fair its earthly shrine ;
 That its frail dwelling place below
 Was beautiful as thine ?
 Those faded charms but yesterday
 Like thine resplendent shone ;
 A few short hours, and wan decay
 May prey upon thine own.
 Yet shudder not ; think'st thou that she
 Would now exchange her lot with thee ?

No ! she must chill and tasteless deem
 The cup of earthly joy ;
 For she has tasted of the stream
 Of bliss without alloy.
 Youth its gay visions may unfold
 Before thy dazzled eye ;—
 Its brightest dreams are dark and cold,
 To that reality,
 Which mortal fancy cannot paint,
 The bliss of the ascended saint !

Devote not at the world's vain shrine,
 Maiden ! thy youthful heart ;
 But give thy love to things divine,
 Immortal as thou art !
 Then, if thy hope, thy treasure, be
 Beyond the changing skies,
 The opening grave shall seem to thee
 The gate of Paradise ;
 And Death will be the angel, sent
 To call thee home from banishment.

THE EVERLASTING FRIEND.

Is Friendship's image in thy breast,
 With its first holy radiance bright?
 Where'er those soft dark eyes may rest,
 Meet they Affection's smile of light?
 Doth many a voice of love, for thee
 Pour its delightful melody?

Yes! they are near, whose tenderness
 Hath ever been a gushing stream,
 Flowing my inmost soul to bless;—
 Beloved ones! ye well may deem
 My heart of hearts a shrine for you,
 The tried, the lovely, and the true.

Your pure affection is a ray
 Reflected from the smile of Him,
 Whose goodness pours a flood of day,
 To which Earth's holiest light is dim.
 Father of mercies! Friend divine!
 What love can be compared with thine!

Thou changest not! my soul has known
 What 't is to meet the altered eye,
 And shudder at the chilling tone
 Of lips once breathing sympathy—
 Alas! that even Love's fair flowers
 Should fade in this cold world of ours!

Wounded by man, my spirit clings,
 Father! with deeper trust to thee.

Unto the shadow of thy wings,
 Sure Refuge! changeless Friend! I flee—
 Thou *ever* hast upon me smiled;
 Thou wilt not now forsake thy child!

E'en from the tried, the faithful few,
 Bright, graceful forms have passed away,
 And they, who were through all things true,
 Are with the dead. While pale decay
 May blight Earth's dearest, loveliest, best,
 Where shall the trembling heart find rest?

Where, but in thee? Eternal One!
 Presence of love! where but in thee?
 Though desolate, yet not alone,
 The children of the dust may be;
 And thou wilt guide to that bright home,
 Where change and death shall never come.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year!
 The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
 Whelmed in its surges, disappear
 Man's joys and hopes, for ever gone.

O, no! forbear that idle tale;
 The hour demands another strain;
 Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
 And strength to conquer and obtain.

'T is midnight—from the dark blue sky,
 The stars, which now look down on earth,
 Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
 And give to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
 And mouldering mix as dust in air,
 The dwellers on this altered ball,
 May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on ! shine on !—with you I tread
 The march of ages, Orbs of Light !
 A last eclipse may o'er you spread ;
 To me, to me, there comes no night.

O ! what concerns it him, whose way
 Lies upward to the immortal dead,
 That a few hairs are turning gray,
 Or one more year of life has fled.

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,
 To feel, and act, with strength and skill ;
 To reason wisely, nobly dare,
 And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
 How calm, how rich, the twilight glow !
 The morning twilight of a sun,
 That shines not here—on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death—the pain
 To leave, or lose, wife, children, friends,—
 What then ? Shall we not meet again,
 Where parting comes not, sorrow ends ?

The fondness of a parent's care,
 The changeless trust, that woman gives,
 The smile of childhood—it is *there*,
 That all, we love in them, still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour ;
 Let no weak fears thy course delay ;
 Immortal being ! feel thy power ;
 Pursue thy bright and endless way.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

THOU, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of wo,
 Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
 Thy blessed labors done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
 In thy celestial face,
 The image of the bright, the viewless One ;
 Nor may thy servants hear,
 Save with Faith's raptured ear,
 Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not,
 Yet hast thou not forgot
 Those, who have placed their hope, their trust in thee ;
 Before thy Father's face,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Beloved of the Father ! thou didst tread ;
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou, who art our life !
 Be with us through the strife !
 Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend ! Guardian ! Savior ! which doth lead to thee.

TWILIGHT AND AUTUMN.

MARK how the earth, as the months are declining,
 Casts her green robes of beauty away ;
 In crimson and gold, groves and mountains are shining,
 Decked, as they fade, in their brightest array.
 Proudly they stand in gorgeous splendor,
 Glorious mid the gathering gloom ; -
 Calmly waiting to surrender
 Honors that freshly in spring shall bloom.

Low in the west day's king is descending,
 Wrapt in his mantle of beauty and light ;
 The clouds, as they change, on their monarch attending,
 Press o'er his path and involve it in night.
 Yet, though in darkness and clouds disappearing,
 Light eternal round him flows ;
 Light, that man and nature cheering,
 Shall call the gay morn from its deep repose.

O when the day of thy life is over,
 In brightness like this may'st thou sink to thy rest ;
 While the last dark clouds that around thee hover
 Beam with light from the realms of the blest.
 Thus may thy pure and ripened spirit
 Glow in life's autumnal ray ;
 Calmly waiting to inherit
 Heaven's joyous spring-time that fades not away.

A TALE OF THE WIND.

THE night is glorious, and heaven is bright
 With the silver flood of a full moon's light ;
 She hath dimmed the glow of each starry throne,
 And wakened on earth the night-wind's tone,
 List ye, O list to the tale it breathes
 As it gently stirs the summer wreaths !

“ The waters of ocean were lulled to rest,
 And stillness dwelt on the deep sea's breast,
 When I came from the upper air, and gave
 A tremulous life to the sleeping wave ;

And I called into being the diamond spray,
To glisten beneath the evening ray ;

“ My voice went down to the crystal brine,
Where in cloudless beauty the sea gems shine ;
'T was heard by the varied shapes that dwell
In the sparkling sands and ocean shell,
And they thought that the Mermaid had left her bower,
To sing to the peaceful moonlight hour ;

“ I flew away from the heaving deep
To a city, where all were chained in sleep,
There were troubled dreamers, who seemed to bear,
In the shadowy world their mortal care,
For the wearied spirit will still retain
Even in dreaming a throb of pain ;

“ I came as a breath from some purer sphere,
Wafting each sleeper the vision most dear ;
Some reveled again in their morning hours,
Ere time had withered life's early flowers,
And a smile o'er the brow of each dreamer stole,
As the scenes of his childhood blessed his soul.

“ Some met the friends who were far away,
With a glow of feeling too sweet to stay ;
And some, as the night-bird poured his thrill,
And pure dews wept on the twilight hill,
Knelt at their first love's hallowed shrine,
Unchanged and unchilled by earth's decline.

“ And to some, affection's severed chain,
In its every link, was joined again,

For the dead arose from their quiet rest,
 And the mourned and lost to each heart were pressed,
 And voices, they long had ceased to hear,
 Breathed on each sleeper's raptured ear.

“ Away—away—on my viewless wing
 I flew, like some pure and blessed thing ;
 O'er hill and dale my voice was heard,
 Lingering around the sleeping bird,
 Who dreamed that he sung his own wild lay,
 To the rosy hues of breaking day !”

The minstrel of night hath ceased to sing
 The tale of its moonlight wandering ;
 It may have sought in the upper air,
 The clouds, which are floating in glory there,
 Or perchance its tuneful life was brief,
 And it died away on the jessamine leaf.

SONG OF THE STARS TO THE EARTH.

SWEET be thy slumbers, Sister dear,
 Upon thy odor-scented bed ;
 Repose in peace, until thou hear
 The voice of Morning widely spread.

Then may'st thou wake, all fresh and gay,
 Adorned with tints of rosy light ;
 And, mid the rest may no rude sway
 Of sudden storms thy beauty blight !

May no wild winds with furious wing
 To rend thy lovely locks conspire !
 Nor high the waves of ocean fling,
 With discord hoarse to glut their ire ;

And drown the gentle, soothing sound,
 That rises from the heaving main ;
 And may no thunders burst around,
 From Etna's womb, to blast the plain ;

And may the winged lightnings sleep
 Upon the high Alps' darksome breast ;
 While now through air reigns silence deep,
 O Sister dear, to aid thy rest.

No clouds now intervene to hide
 From us thy beauty, planet fair ;
 No vapors dim are seen to glide
 Athwart the tranquil void of air.

Now do the mild Moon's lovely beams
 Upon thine orb delight to play ;
 And swift shall fly the hours, till gleams
 Of new-born light restore the day.

O may thy children all partake
 The slumbers of this silent hour !
 While those who may their couch forsake,
 Tossed by relentless sorrow's power,

The Moon shall soothe ;—her mild regard
 Hath often solaced the distressed ;
 For when the storm of grief blows hard,
 Her gentle influence calms the breast.

Those now, who sail the faithless sea,
 In silver leading-strings we 'll guide
 Through the dark night, from danger free
 Of rapid whirlpool's giddy tide.

Nor quicksands, shoal, nor hidden rock,
 Shall wound the swiftly-gliding keel ;
 While we keep watch, no sudden shock
 From wind or wave the bark shall feel.

Then sweetly slumber, Sister dear,
 Upon thy odor-scented bed ;
 Calm be thy sleep, till thou shalt hear
 The voice of Morning widely spread.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

“Life with its shadows now is but a shade,
 And mighty man low in the dust is laid.”

DELIGHTFUL spot, how still it seems,
 Where crowds of buried memories sleep !
 How quiet nature o'er them dreams !
 —'T is but our troubled thoughts that weep.
 Life's book shuts here—its page is lost
 With them—and all its busy claims ;
 The poor are from its memory crossed,
 The rich have nothing but their names.

There rest the weary from their toil ;
 There lie the troubled, free from care,
 Who, through the strife of life's turmoil,
 Sought rest, and only found it there ;

With none to fear his scornful brow,
 There sleep the master—and the slave ;
 And, heedless of all titles, now
 Repose the honored and the brave.

There rest the miser and the heir ;
 Both careless who their wealth shall reap ;
 E'en love found cure for heart-aches there,
 And none enjoy a sounder sleep ;
 The fair one, far from folly's freaks,
 As quiet as her neighbor seems,
 Unconscious now of rosy cheeks,
 And ne'er a rival in her dreams.

Strangers alike to joy and strife,
 Heedless of all its past affairs,
 They 're blotted from the list of life,
 And absent from its teasing cares ;
 Grief, joy, hope, fear, and all their crew,
 That haunt the memory's living mind,
 Ceased when they could no more pursue,
 And left a painless blank behind.

Life's ignis-fatuus light is passed,
 No more to lead their steps astray ;
 Care's poisoned cup is drained at last,
 And all its folly far away :
 The bill 's made out, the reckoning paid,
 The book is crossed, the business done,
 On them the last demands are made ;
 The goal is reached—the race is run.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER'S SONG.

GENTLY as flows the stream of time,
 Our vessel floats on to the coasts sublime ;
 But ere the lessening shores look dim,
 Oh ! sweet let us sing the heavenly hymn.
 Sing, brothers, sing, as on we haste ;
 Our moments are few, and will soon be past.

O ! let us now our sail unfurl,
 If haply a breath the blue wave may curl,
 And waft us to that peaceful shore,
 Where sweetly we 'll rest, to toil no more.
 Blow, breezes blow—auspicious blast !
 We safely shall reach the port at last.

Swift-flowing tide ! yon waning moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Thou holy Spirit ! hear our prayer,
 Breathe down from heaven a favoring air.
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
 The haven is near, and the danger is past.

 RELIGION.

SAY, angel of celestial light !
 What brought thee to this vale of tears,
 To shine upon a world of night,
 And dissipate our gloom of fears ?
 'Twas love, co-heir with light divine,
 Caused thy effulgent rays to shine.

Spirit of bright expanded wing,
 Brood o'er the chaos of my mind ;
 Hither immortal pleasure bring,
 And fill my soul with joys refined :
 Let uncreated light inspire
 And wake to ecstasy my lyre.

O come, and o'er thy minstrel breathe,
 And bring from your perennial bower,
 The amaranth to form thy wreath,
 That sweet and never-fading flower :
 Then sweep the chords with golden wing,
 While I immortal numbers sing.

Faith saw thee, by that fountain clear,
 Which issues from the throne above,
 Where mercy stoops our plaints to hear,
 Where flow those streams of sacred love ;
 The jasper skies irradiate shine,
 By the celestial rays divine.

The harp of Patmos rung for thee,
 When lo ! the prophet's raptured soul
 Beheld, with joyful ecstasy,
 The bursting visions o'er him roll ;
 He sang, and panted for the skies,
 Lost, to behold its grandeur rise.

To thee their pæans angels sung
 Before primeval light arose,
 Or dropped a note from mortal tongue,
 Or blushed in beauteous tints the rose.
 Thy presence makes the bliss of heaven
 The greatest joy to mortals given.

In Paradise thy charms are known,
 Where first the morning stars appeared,
 When light upon the orient shone,
 And the sweet vale of Eden cheered ;
 The happy pair by thee were blessed,
 In innocence divinely dressed.

Whate'er in social life endears
 Is softened and refined by thee ;
 Beneath the weight of growing years,
 Thy power preserves the spirits free ;
 All care before thy presence flies,
 And joys within the bosom rise.

In friendship's bonds thy power divine,
 Displays its pure unsullied light ;
 Brighter thy emanations shine
 Than aught which glitters in our sight.
 No earthly form of beauty fair
 Can with thy matchless charms compare.

Thou art the lonely stranger's friend,
 Who drinks the bitter cup of grief,
 Whose secret sighs to heaven ascend,
 And finds in tears a sweet relief ;
 A soother of the orphan's wo,
 Who sorrows in this vale below.

Come, then, descend, thou heavenly guest,
 And to the cross my spirit bind ;
 Impart that ardor to my breast,
 Which elevates and cheers the mind,
 Then waft me to my native skies,
 Where joys immortal ever rise.

PRAYER.

PRAYER its way to God can find,
 From earth's deepest centre ;
 Though a wall of steel confined,
 Prayer that wall would enter ;
 Who can trace a beam of light,
 From the day-star parted ?
 Prayer, more rapid in its flight,
 From the mind is darted.

Prayer to God ascends with ease
 From the polar ices ;
 From our isle's antipodes,
 From the land of spices ;
 From an inquisition's gloom,
 Where the wretched languish ;
 From the margin of the tomb,
 And the bed of anguish.

Place the Christian where you will,—
 Scripture doth aver it—
 Heaven's eye is fixed still
 On the praying spirit.
 Though on dreary wilds alone,
 Outcast and distressed,
 Prayer's a pathway to the throne ;
 Find it, and be blessed.

Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
 Alps to heaven soaring,
 Bow, to let the wishes pass,
 Of a soul imploring ;

From the belly of the fish,
 From the sea's recesses,
 From the lion's den, the wish
 Up to Heaven presses.

Deity, in every place,
 On the earth or ocean,
 Opens wide the gates of grace
 To sincere devotion ;
 'Neath the sceptre or the rod,
 Or by stream or fountain,
 Lift thy spirit up to God ;
 Who can stop its mounting ?

North or south, or pine or palm,
 Vale, or mountain hoary,
 Breathe a prayer, repeat a psalm,
 'T is the porch of glory ;
 Frigid, mild, or burning zone,
 Distance is not in it ;
 Prayer from earth to Mercy's throne
 Passes in a minute.

Wheresoe'er thy lot command,
 Brother, pilgrim, stranger,
 God is ever near at hand,
 Golden shield from danger ;
 Near the Niger or the Nile,
 Or where forests bound thee,
 On creation's furthest isle,
 Mercy's smiles surround thee !

TO THE DEAD.

SILENT assemblage ! who have gone,
 Before us to an unknown clime,
 And left us, desolate and lone,
 Lost wanderers on the shore of Time—

Who hold a strange commune with those
 That live, if sleep be called a life,
 And come in hours of deep repose,
 Relieved from Death's unearthly strife—

Who smile in early loveliness,
 Sketching past scenes to present view,
 A shadowy trace of blessedness,
 Long faded, but, alas !—too new—

Who rest in calmness, side by side,
 So peaceful, yet so strange, so dread,
 Yet o'er our waking visions glide
 Phantoms by Fate or Fancy led—

O speak ! but not in mysteries ;
 Too much of these appall us now ;
 Such hidden things already freeze,
 Those drops, which start from Horror's brow.

But tell of Hope, that beams afar,
 Of Peace, that rests with you, in seeming,
 Of blissful bowers above yon star,
 Which on your graves is sweetly gleaming.

O say, with you comes no despair,
 Or chills from earth's cold paradise,
 That Hate and Envy come not there,
 Dressed in Hypocrisy's disguise.

But all we love shall meet beneath,
 The grass-grown, solemn, sacred pale,
 To soar from thence, where spirits breathe
 Pure transports which can never fail.

That disembodied souls shall dwell,
 Too pure for passion, 'neath yon flowers,
 And sport, like fairies of the fell,
 In holy scenes, that beggar ours.

That life must purge away its dross,
 To meet your band and with you rise,
 By grasping in ONE death the cross,
 That stay, which points to richer skies.

That earthly love should love too deep,
 To covet self, when all our own
 Takes refuge in so sweet a sleep,
 Curtained by rays from God's own throne.

Silent assemblage ! though no voice,
 Comes from the portals of the tomb,
 Yet Faith speaks from within—" Rejoice !
 Mine eye dispels this seeming gloom."

Spirits, that round me often hover
 With beckoning hand to distant lands,
 O meet me, when Life's show is over,
 As one among your beauteous bands !

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

WHO bleeds in the desert, faint, naked and torn,
 Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn?
 The last sigh from his breast, the last drop from his
 heart,

The last tear from his eyelid seem ready to part :
 He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,
 Once more the blest beam of the morning to spy ;
 For pennyless, friendless, and houseless he 's lying,
 And he shudders to think, that in darkness he 's dying ;
 Yon meteor !—'t is ended as soon as begun—
 Yon gleam of the lightning ! it is not the sun ;
They brighten and pass—but the glory of day
 Is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from the east !
 Who walks down the path to get tithes for his priest ?
 It is not the Robber, who plundered and fled ;
 'T is a Levite : He turns from the wretched his head.

Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls ?
 Who comes to Samaria from Ilia's walls ?
 There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye ;
 There is scorn on his lip as he proudly walks by.
 'T is thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid and fair ;
 A few years shall pass thee, and—who shall be there ?

Mount Gerazmin looks on the valleys, that spread
 On the foot of high Ebal, to Esdrelon's head ;
 The torrent of Kison rolls back through the plain,
 And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,

Which, purplèd with fishes, flows rich with the eyes
 That flash from their fins, and shine out from their eyes.
 How sweet are the streams, but how purer the foun-
 tain

That gushes and swells from Samaria's mountain !

From Galilee's city the Cuthite comes out,
 And by Jordan-washed Thirza, with purpose devout,
 To pay at the altar of Gerazmin's shrine,
 And offer his incense of oil and of wine,
 He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs
 For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew : He stops on the way.
 —By the side of the wretched 't is better to pray,
 Than to visit the holiest temple, that stands
 In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands.
 The oil, that was meant for Mount Gerazmin's ground,
 Would better be poured on the sufferer's wound ;
 For no incense more sweetly, more purely can rise
 From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,
 No libation more rich can be offered below,
 Than that, which is tendered to anguish and wo.

THE HARP OF ZION.

O how art thou fallen, thou city of God !
 He hath stricken the crown from thy brow with his
 rod ;
 On thy neck is the yoke—on thy garment a stain—
 And the Lion of Judah hath bowed to the chain.

The phial of wrath on thy forehead was poured ;
 Thou hast shrunk from the withering glance of the Lord ;
 Like the gourd of the Prophet, thy beauty is gone,
 And thy cedars are blasted on proud Lebanon.

Thy temples are ruins—thine altars o'erthrown ;
 On the hill of thy strength is the Infidel's throne ;
 And the wreck of thy glory, where now it is hurled,
 Is the scoff of the Gentiles—the scorn of the world.

O turn thee, our God ! let thy mercy awaken,
 And smile on thy Zion—deserted, forsaken !
 Let the light of thy glory on Solyma burst,
 And its lightning-glance wither her foes to the dust !

O Zion ! his smile shall dawn on thy night
 Of sorrow and shame, with a heavenly light,—
 As the burst of the sun-beam comes over the sea,
 When the dark cloud has passed, and the thunder storms
 flee.

THESE SHALL FADE.

Suns and planets—every orb,
 Spark of thee, who shin'st forever,
 Time shall quench, and age absorb—
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt—never !

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
 Ties which only death could sever—
 Every fruit of earth and flower—
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt—never !

Emerald isles, on ocean sleeping—
 Skies that seem to spread for ever—
 Links of life through nature creeping—
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt—never !

Every grace of human art,
 Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
 Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt--never !

All the range of Nature's reign,
 Sunny landscapes, smiling ever,
 Silver moons, and starry train,
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt—never !

All shall fade, from earth and sea ;
 Oceans dry, and mountains sever ;
 Tide and Time shall cease to be—
 Thou alone remain'st for ever.

SPIRITS OF HEAVEN.

SPIRIT of Joy ! I will call upon thee !
 With thy bounding step and thy radiant smile !
 Thou shalt teach me thy mirth and revelry,
 For thou canst the cares of life beguile.
 Yet leave me, ah, leave me ! all gay as thou art,
 I love not thy vain and idle folly ;
 Thy laughter oppresses the weary heart,
 And leaves it to languor and melancholy.

Spirit of Peace ! descend from the sky,
 With thy calm pure look and thy promise of rest ;
 And let the beam of thy dove-like eye
 Still the throbs of this troubled breast ;
 Yet, Daughter of Heaven ! thy pinion fold ;
 My restless soul will not bend to thy sway ;
 For thy smile, though sweet, is strangely cold,
 And it chills my spirit—Away ! away !

Spirit of Love ! obey my voice,
 And lead my steps to thy fairy bowers,
 And let my heart in thy smile rejoice,
 And crown my brow with the brightest flowers.
 Ah, traitor ! thy roses too swiftly fade,
 Too soon the captive shall feel thy chain ;
 And many a heart, by thy smile betrayed,
 Shall sigh for its freedom,—but sigh in vain.

Spirit of Hope ! from thy bright cloud bend ;
 No power can thy endless charm destroy ;
 If thou wilt ever my steps attend,
 My life shall be one bright round of joy.
 Angel of Beauty ! thy guardian wing
 Shall shield me from every earth-born sorrow !
 I feel not the anguish to-day may bring,
 If still thou wilt promise a blissful morrow.

CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father ! in whose sight
 Darkness flashes into light,

Gracious, from thy throne on high
 Cast on me a pitying eye :
 See my soul in anguish tost,
 Lost to peace, to virtue lost,
 Struggling with its weighty chain,
 Struggling ever, but in vain ;
 As some wretch, the tempest o'er,
 Labors to regain the shore,
 So, my God, my spirit tries
 From the sea of vice to rise.
 Still my powers are weak to save,
 Still pursues some stronger wave,
 And, with a resistless sweep,
 Whelms me in the foaming deep.

Long the dupe of human pride,
 Have I on myself relied ;
 Long sustained the unequal strife
 That defended more than life ;
 By such weak allies betrayed,
 Now no more I trust their aid,
 But to safer refuge flee,
 Resting all my hopes on Thee.

God of love ! my faults forgive,
 Bid me hope, and bid me live !
 Let some dawn of light control
 This long darkness of the soul ;
 From the temple of my heart
 Bid each groveling thought depart,
 And, to guard its peace, supply
 Steadfast Faith and holy Joy :

Meek Repentance, in whose eyes
 Tears of true contrition rise ;
 Gratitude, whose hands are pressed
 Duteous on her feeling breast ;
 These shall in Thy sacred way
 Guide my feet, long prone to stray,
 Till, each meaner passion o'er,
 I may tempt thy frown no more ;
 Nor, of youth and vigor vain ;
 Sow in sin, to reap in pain.

Swiftly fly the rolling year !
 Till that happier morn appear,
 That my noblest hopes shall see
 Centred, O my God ! in Thee !
 That shall teach my thoughts to rise
 O'er the world and all its joys ;
 Bend obedient to thy laws ;
 Feel the worth of self-applause ;
 Nobly scorn each meaner care,
 And in conscious virtue dare
 All that comes in misery's train,
 Sicknes, poverty, and pain,
 Heedless of the hour of fate,
 And prepared for either state.

THE TRAVELER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me ! Day declines ;
 Hollow winds are in the pines ;
 Darkly waves each giant bough
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow ;

Hushed is now the convent's bell,
 Which, erewhile, with breezy swell,
 From the purple mountains bore
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.
 Now the sailor's vesper-hymn

Dies away.

Father ! in the forest dim

Be my stay !

In the low and shivering thrill
 Of the leaves, that late hung still ;
 In the dull and muffled tone
 Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;
 In the deep tints of the sky,
 There are signs of tempest nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around,
 Father ! through the storm and shade

O'er the wild,

O ! be Thou the lone one's aid—

Save thy child !

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding gloom,
 O'er my way hath flitted fast,
 Since the farewell sunbeam passed
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools now low and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh
 Through the long reeds mournfully.
 Homeward, homeward, all things haste—

God of might !

Shield the homeless midst the waste :

Be his light !

In his distant cradle-nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest :
 Beautiful his slumber seems
 With a glow of heavenly dreams ;
 Beautiful o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray,
 For the loved and far away.
 Father ! guard that household bower,
 Hear that prayer !
 Back, through thine all-guiding power,
 Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern old forest made.
 Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By thy Son, who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that blest head
 Shelter gave—
 Father ! through the time of dread,
 Save, oh ! save !

TO THE MOON.

HAIL, beauteous and inconstant !—Thou who roll'st
 Thy silver car around the realm of night,
 Queen of soft hours ! how fanciful art thou

In equipage and vesture! Now thou comest
 With slender horn piercing the western cloud,
 As erst on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs
 With trump and festival saluted thee ;
 Anon thy waxing crescent 'mid the host
 Of constellations, like some fairy boat,
 Glides o'er the waveless sea ; then as a bride
 Thou bowest thy cheek behind a fleecy veil
 Timid and fair ; or, bright in regal robes,
 Dost bid thy full-orbed chariot proudly roll,
 Sweeping with silent rein the starry path
 Up to the highest node,—then plunging low
 To seek dim Nadir in his misty cell.

Lovest thou our Earth, that thou dost hold thy lamp
 To guide and cheer her when the wearied Sun
 Forsakes her ?—Sometimes, roving on, thou sheddest
 The eclipsing blot ungrateful, on that Sire
 Who feeds thy urn with light,—but, sinking deep
 'Neath the dark shadow of the earth, dost mourn
 And find thy retribution.

Dost thou hold

Dalliance with Ocean, that his mighty heart
 Tosses at thine approach, and his mad tides,
 Drinking thy favoring glance, more rudely lash
 Their rocky bulwark ? Do thy children trace,
 Through crystal tube, our coarser-featured orb,
 Even as we gaze on thee ? With Euclid's art,
 Perchance, from pole to pole, her sphere they span
 Her sun-loved tropics, and her spreading seas,
 Rich with their myriad isles. Perchance they mark

Where India's cliffs the trembling cloud invade,
 Or Andes with his fiery banner flouts
 The empyrean,—where old Atlas towers,—
 Or that rough chain, whence him of Carthage poured
 Terrors on Rome. Thou too, perchance, hast nursed
 Some bold Copernicus, or fondly called
 A Galileo forth, those sun-like souls,
 Which shone in darkness, though *our* darkness failed
 To comprehend them. Canst thou boast, like Earth,
 A Kepler, skilful poineer and wise?
 A sage to write his name among the stars
 Like glorious Herschel? or a dynasty
 Like great Cassini's, which, from sire to son,
 Transmitted Science as a birthright sealed?
 Rose there some lunar Horrax,—to whose glance
 Resplendent Venus her adventurous course
 Revealed even in his boyhood?—some La Place,
 Luminous as the skies he sought to read?
 Thou deignest no answer,—or, I fain would ask,
 If, since thy bright creation, thou hadst seen
 Aught like a Newton,—whose admitted eye
 The arcana of the universe explored?
 Light's subtle ray its mechanism disclosed.
 The impetuous comet his mysterious lore
 Unfolded, system after system rose,
 Eternal, wheeling through the immense of space,
 And taught him of their laws. Even angels stood
 Amazed,—as when in ancient times they saw,
 On Sinai's top, a mortal walk with God.
 But he, to whom the secrets of the skies
 Were whispered, in humility adored,

Breathing with childlike reverence the prayer,—
 “When on yon heavens, with all their orbs I gaze,
Jehovah!—what is man!”

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
 Look aloft and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
 Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are
 arrayed,
 Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions, which hope spreads in light to thine
 eye,
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
 Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

Should they that are dearest, the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom.”

And O! when death comes, in terrors to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.

THE GUIDE OF YOUTH.

“ My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.”
Jeremiah, iii. 4.

WHILE yet in the morning of life, when the heart
 Is awake to the day-dreams of pleasure and joy,
 That steal o'er the soul, and impressions impart,
 Which not e'en the winter of life can destroy—
 When scenes in perspective by hope are arrayed
 In all the gay colors, which hope can dispense—
 While the heart is yet tender, and passions invade
 The empire of reason, by charming the sense—
 O! lead me to Thee, to the Fountain of Truth,
 My Father, my Father! the Guide of my youth!

O'er my days should the sun of prosperity throw
 Her meteor-like rays, most enchantingly bright;
 Or, instead of her genial enlivening glow,
 Should I feel the chill blast of adversity's night—
 Be my guide, O my Father! protect me, I pray,
 Through adversity's night, or prosperity's day:
 And lead me to Thee, O thou Fountain of Truth!
 My Father, my Father! the Guide of my youth!

And when the gay summer of life shall be passed,
 When the fragrance and bloom of its roses have fled,
 And winter, arrayed in the storm and the blast,
 Shall merciless scatter its frosts o'er my head—
 Be the God of my age;—in frail nature's decline
 May thy guardian care and protection be mine;
 And take me to Thee, O, thou Fountain of Truth!
 My Father, my Father! the Guide of my youth!

THE OCEAN.

LIKENESS of Heaven!
 Agent of power!
 Man is thy victim,
 Shipwreck 's thy dower!
 Spices and jewels
 From valley and sea,
 Armies and banners
 Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
 Of Mexico's mines,
 To the wealth that far down
 In thy deep waters shines?
 Thy proud waves that cover
 The conquering west—
 Thou flingest them to death
 With one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that view
 Thy wreck-making shore,
 When the bride of the mariner
 Shrieks at thy roar;
 When, like lambs in the tempest,
 Or mews in the blast,
 O'er thy ridge-broken billows
 The canvas is cast—

How humbling to one
 With a heart and a soul,
 To look on thy greatness
 And list to its roll!

To think how that heart
 In cold ashes shall be,
 While the voice of Eternity
 Rises from thee.

Yes! where are the cities
 Of Thebes and of Tyre?
 Swept from the nations
 Like sparks from the fire;
 The glory of Athens,
 The splendor of Rome,
 Dissolved—and forever—
 Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,
 Eternal—sublime—
 Unweakened—unwasted—
 Twin brother of Time!
 Fleets, tempests, nor nations,
 Thy glory can bow:
 As the stars first beheld thee,
 Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
 No longer shall roll,
 And that firmament's length
 Is drawn back as a scroll;
 Then—*then* shall the spirit,
 That sighs by thee now,
 Be more mighty,—more lasting,
 More chainless than thou.

ON SEEING A DEAD INFANT.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,
 And yet how lovely it appears !
 Too cold to let the gazer smile,
 But far too beautiful for tears.
 The sparkling eye no more is bright,
 The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
 And yet it is with strange delight
 I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow
 Half shaded by the silken hair,
 That never looked so fair as now
 When life and health were laughing there ;
 I wonder not that grief should swell
 So wildly upward in the breast,
 And that strong passion once rebel
 That need not, cannot be suppressed.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
 In gazing thus, grow cold and dim ;
 That burning tears and aching sighs
 Are blended with the funeral hymn ;
 The spirit hath an earthly part,
 That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
 And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
 That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet, why mourn ? That deep repose
 Shall never more be broke by pain ;
 Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
 Those eyes shall never weep again.

For think not that the blushing flower
 Shall wither in the church-yard sod.
 T' was made to gild an angel's bower
 Within the Paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
 The clouds of death and sorrow fly ;
 I see thee, like a new-born star,
 Move up thy pathway in the sky :
 The star hath rays serene and bright,
 But cold and pale, compared with thine ;
 For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
 With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthened heart be free,
 The tears of sorrow all be shed,
 And parents calmly bend to see
 The mournful beauty of the dead ;
 Thrice happy—that their infant bears
 To heaven no darkening stains of sin ;
 And only breathed life's morning airs
 Before its evening storms begin.

→ Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !
 Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
 My memory warmly treasures yet
 Thy features calm and mildly sweet.
 But no ! that look is not the last ;
 We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
 Where love no more deploras the past,
 Nor breaths that withering word—Farewell.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE on thee, in Zion's gates,
 Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
 Unto thee, O God! belong
 Grateful words and holy song;
 Unto thee, who hearest prayer,
 Shall the tribes of men repair.
 Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
 On thy mercy still I rest.
 Thy forgiving love display;
 Take, O Lord! our sins away.

O how blessed their reward,
 Chosen servants of the Lord,
 Who within thy courts abide,
 With thy goodness satisfied!
 Dear the sacred joys that spring
 From the service of our King!
 But how dire thy judgements fell,
 Savior of thine Israel!
 When thy people's cry arose,
 On their proud and impious foes.

Thou the hope and refuge art
 Of remotest lands apart,
 Distant isles and tribes unknown,
 'Mid the ocean waste and lone.
 By thy boundless might set fast,
 Rise the mountains firm and vast.
 Thou canst with a word assuage
 Ocean's wild and deafening rage,

Sounding like the tumult rude
 Of a maddened multitude.
 When thy signs in heaven appear,
 Earth's remotest regions fear ;
 And the bounties of thy hand
 Fill with gladness every land,—
 Those who first the morn descry,—
 Those beneath the western sky.

Thou dost visit earth, and rain
 Blessings on the thirsty plain,
 From the copious founts on high,
 From the rivers of the sky.
 When thou hast prepared the soil
 For the sower's hopeful toil,
 Then again the heavens distil
 Blessings on each terraced hill,
 Whence the gathering waters flow
 To the trenched plains below.
 Softened by the genial showers,
 Earth with plenty teems ; and flowers,
 Types of promised good, appear.
 Thus thy goodness crowns the year ;
 Thus the clouds thy power confess,
 And thy paths drop fruitfulness ;
 Drop upon the pastoral plain,
 And the desert smiles again,
 And the hills, with plenty crowned,
 Are with gladness girt around.
 White with flocks the downs are seen ;
 Cultured vales with corn are green ;
 And the voice of song and mirth
 Rises from the tribes of earth.

GOD PROVIDETH.

Lo! the lillies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson, given
 By the blessed birds of Heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy,
 Mortal! fly from doubt and sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we, poor citizens of air?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily.
 Mortal! fly from doubt and sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow.

REJOICE EVERMORE.

PILGRIM of Zion! is thy pathway dreary,
 While pressing onward through this vale of tears?
 And is thy courage faint,—thy spirit weary,
 With the accumulated grief of years?
 Does darkness fearfully around thee gather—
 Shrouding the visions of thy soul in night?
 Yet still look upward to thy Heavenly Father;
 The Great Jehovah saith, “ Let there be light !”

Have all thine earthly hopes and prospects withered?
 And Desolation spread o'er thee her wing?
 Have thy soul's loved ones to the grave been gathered?
 Is all thy glory with them slumbering?
 Hath Misery's brimming cup to thee been given,
 To drain its bitterness—to quaff it all?
 Yet, Pilgrim, lift thy tear-dimmed eye to Heaven,
 Trust in Jehovah—thou shalt never fall!

Though the deep waters of Despair go o'er thee,
 Laying the visions of thy spirit low—
 Though the thick cloud of Death is spread before thee,
 Darkening thy pathway with the shades of wo—
 Yet mourn thou not, but upward lift thy vision,
 Above the shadows, which on earth may rest;
 Rejoice, rejoice! for on thine eye hath risen
 The glorious habitations of the blest.

Rejoice forevermore! Jehovah reigneth,
 And he will be thy helper. Be thy trust
 Fixed on that sure foundation, which remaineth,
 When man hath crumbled to his native dust.

Earth may be shaken from its firm foundation,
 The *Heavens* be rolled together as a scroll ;
 Still *God* is changeless—He will give salvation
 To every penitent, believing soul !

Soon the immortal part, that now is thirsting
 For the pure waters of Eternal Life,
 Will mount upon its glorious pinions, bursting
 The chains that bind it to this world of strife.
 Upward, still upward, will its flight be given,
 Its fears forgotten, and its sorrows o'er ;
 Upward, still upward, to the courts of Heaven,
 Where the redeemed rejoice forevermore.

LAMENTATION OF REBECCA THE JEWESS.

IF I had Jubal's chorded shell,
 O'er which the first-born music rolled,
 In burning tones, that loved to dwell
 Amongst those wires of trembling gold ;
 If to my soul one note were given
 Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
 Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
 And glowed like fire round Israel's throne ;
 Up to the deep blue starry sky
 Then might my soul aspire, and hold
 Communion fervent, strong and high,
 With bard and king, and prophet old :
 Then might my spirit dare to trace
 The path our ancient people trod,
 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
 Like faithful servants, walked with God !

But Israel's song, alas ! is hushed,
 That all her tales of triumph told,
 And mute is every voice, that gushed
 In music to her harps of gold ;
 And could my lyre attune its string
 To lofty themes they loved of yore,
 Alas ! my lips could only sing
 All that we *were* but *are* no more !
 Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
 And there our footsteps fain would be ;
 But O, 't is like the captive's dream
 Of home, his eyes may never see.
 A cloud is on our fathers' graves,
 And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
 And there their sons must stand as slaves,
 Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet where the rose of Sharon blooms,
 And cedars wave the stately head,
 Even now, from out the place of tombs,
 Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
 Through the wide world's tumultuous roar,
 Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—
 " O virgin daughter, faint no more ;
 Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard.
 What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
 Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
 Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
 And Ephraim is a heartless dove ;—
 Yet,—yet shall Judah's LION wake,
 Yet shall the day of promise come,
 Thy sons from iron bondage break,
 And God shall lead the wanderers home !"

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

“ Let me be buried by the grave of my father, and of my mother.” II. Sam. xix. 37.

Son of Jesse ! let me go ;
 Why should princely honors stay me ?
 Where the streams of Gilead flow,
 Where the light first met mine eye,
 Thither would I turn, and die ;—
 Where my parents' ashes lie,
 King of Israel ! bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
 Who the righteous path so firmly trod,
 Who early taught my soul, with awe,
 To heed the Prophets and the Law,
 And to my infant thought, appeared
 Majestic as a God :—
 O ! when his sacred dust
 The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
 Might I be worthy, at his feet, to rise
 Up to yon blissful skies,
 Where angel ranks resplendent shine,—
 Jehovah ! Lord of Hosts ! the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
 Hath shed the frost of death,—
 The wine-cup hath no zest,
 The rose no fragrant breath ;—
 Music from my ear is fled,—
 Yet a sweet sound doth linger there,—
 The blessing that my mother shed
 Upon my evening prayer.

Dim is my wasted eye
 To all that beauty brings ;
 The brow of grace, the form of symmetry,
 Are half-forgotten things :—
 But one bright hue is vivid still,
 A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory,—with traitor-tread,
 Methinks, doth steal away
 Treasures, that the mind hath laid
 Up for a wintry day.
 Images of sacred power,
 Cherished deep in passion's hour,
 Faintly now my bosom stir ;
 Good and evil, like a dream,
 Half obscured and shadowy seem ;
 Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,—
Yea, it remembereth her ;
 Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

WATCH!

LIFE is a sea—how fair its face,
 How smooth its dimpling water's pace,
 Its canopy, how pure !
 But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
 Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
 Nor leave an hour secure.

Life is a wilderness,—beset
 With tangling thorns, and treacherous net,

And prowled by beasts of prey.
 One path alone conducts aright,
 One narrow path, with little light;
 A thousand lead astray.

Life is a warfare,—and alike
 Prepared to parley, or to strike,
 The practised foe draws nigh.
 O hold no truce! less dangerous far
 To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
 Than trust his specious lie.

Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
 While life is lent to man below,
 One duty stands confest,—
 To watch incessant, firm of mind,
 And watch, where'er the post 's assigned,
 And leave to God the rest.

'T was while they watched, the shepherd swains
 Heard angels strike, to angel-strains,
 The song of heavenly love:
 Blest harmony! that far excels
 All music else on earth that dwells,
 Or e'er was tuned above.

'T was while they watched, the sages traced
 The star, that every star effaced,
 With new and nobler shine:
 They followed, and it led the way
 To where the infant Savior lay,
 And gave them light divine.

'T was while they watched, with lamp in hand,
 And oil well stored, the virgin band
 The bridal pomp descried ;
 They joined it,—and the heavenly gate,
 That oped to them its glorious state,
 Was closed on all beside.

Watch ! watch and pray ! in suffering hour
 Thus he exclaimed, who felt its power,
 And triumphed in the strife.
 Victor of Death ! thy voice I hear ;
 Fain would I watch with holy fear,
 Would watch and pray through life's career,
 And only cease with life.

WHY IS EARTH AND ASHES PROUD?

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
 Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child, that a mother attended and loved,
 The mother, that infant's affection that proved,
 The husband, that mother and infant that blest,
 Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, on whose
 eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
 And the memory of those, that loved her and praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
 The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
 The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep,
 The beggar, that wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner, that dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed,
 That wither away to let others succeed ;
 So the multitude comes—even those we behold
 To repeat every tale that hath often been told : •

• For we are the same things our fathers have been,
 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
 We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
 And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
 From the death, we are shrinking from, they, too, would
 shrink ;

To the life, we are clinging to, they, too, would cling—
But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may
 come ;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died—and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope, and despondence, and pleasure, and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile, and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the twink of an eye,—'t is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud ;—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud !

A PRAYER.

HEAVEN bless thee in the morn !

While the sun its rays is sending

O'er the dew-drop, on the thorn,

With golden light and life descending ;

Ere the glorious day is born—

Heaven bless thee in the morn !

Heaven bless thee in the day !

On the deep and dreary ocean,

'Mid the dangers, far away,

In anxious fears and fond emotion,

In thine absence, hear me pray—

Heaven bless thee in the day !

Heaven bless thee in the night !

While the weary world are sleeping,

Fancy brings, in visions bright,

Thee, the lonely night-watch keeping,

When darkness shrouds the moon's pale light,

Heaven bless thee in the night !

Heaven bless thee in thy home !

Where thine own awaits to cheer thee ;

There to rest, no more to roam,

With all that can to life endear thee ;

No more to brave the ocean's foam—

Heaven bless thee in thy home !

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,

Down Time's unquiet current hurled,

Thou passest on thy restless way,

Tumultuous and unstable world !

Thou passest on ! Time hath not seen

Delay upon thy hurried path ;

And prayers and tears, alike, have been

In vain, to stay thy course of wrath !

Thou passest on, and with thee go
 The loves of youth—the cares of age ;
 And smiles, and tears, and joy, and wo,
 Are on thy history's bloody page !
 There, every day, like yesterday,
 Writes hopes that end in mockery ;
 But who shall tear the veil away,
 Before the abyss of things to be ?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
 Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
 And, o'er the dreams of human pride,
 His misty shroud forever spreads ;
 Where all thine iron-hand has traced
 Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
 With records ages since effaced—
 Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou passest on ; with thee, the vain,
 That sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
 Pride, framed of dust, and folly's train,
 Who court thy love, and run thy ways :
 But thou and I—and be it so—
 Press onward to eternity ;
 Yet not together let us go
 To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea :—

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine ;
 Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own ;
 I kneel not at thy gilded shrine—
 I bow not at thy slavish throne :

I'll let them pass without a sigh ;
 They make no swelling rapture now—
 The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
 The triumphs of thy haughty brow !

Pass on, relentless world !—I grieve
 No more for all that thou hast riven ;
 Pass on, in God's name—only leave
 The things thou never yet hast given :—
 A heart at ease—a mind at home—
 Affections fixed above thy sway—
 Faith, set upon a world to come,
 And Patience through life's little day.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
 Bow down at thy Maker's knee ;
 Now thy sunny face is fair,
 Shining through thy golden hair,
 Thine eyes are passion free ;
 And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
 Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
 Then pray, Child, pray.

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
 Singeth in its summer nest ;
 No evil thought, no unkind word,
 No bitter, angry voice hath stirred
 The beauty of its rest.

But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away—

Then pray, Child, pray.

Thy spirit is a house of glee,
And gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever, with a merry shout,
Hope, the May-queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er ;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever ;

Then pray, Child, pray.

Now thy mother's hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light.

But that sweet hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more these feet shall stay :

Then pray, Child, pray.

TO THE OCEAN.

How oft, enchanted, have I stood
Gazing on forest, field, and flood ;
Or on the busy, breathing vale,
With hamlet gemmed and turret pale ;
Ne'er dreaming (till another hour)
That more of beauty, more of power,
Than Earth, in stream, vale, wood, or tower,

Could boast her own, existed still
 In one broad scene of vision, till
That moment when I mutely bent
 O'er *thee*, IMPERIAL ELEMENT !
 I saw them, or in shade or sun,
 Thy armies of dark waves roll on ;
 In fierceness and in strength they bore
 Their plumed heads—till on the shore
 Each thundered, and was known no more.
 But still, where'er the glancing eye
 Spans the wide sweep of shore and sky,
 Yet other hosts are gathering near,
 Yet other hills of foam appear ;
 And onwards o'er the deep they roar,
 To seek their brethren on the shore,—
 Like them to thunder, and be seen no more !

Yet once I saw thee in a mood
 So gentle, smiling, and subdued,
 That scarcely might a streamlet lie
 More calm beneath a Summer's sky ;
 The winds were sleeping on thy breast,
 Thy distant billows were at rest ;
 And every breaker (fierce no more)
 Just sparkled, and then kissed the shore ;
 While Heaven's arched brow was azure bright,
 And all its watchers shone that night ;
 And where thy waters seemed to swell,
 A meek and trembling radiance fell ;
 For, like a virgin spirit, stood
 The crescent Moon above thy flood,
 And snowy clouds around her stole
 Like dreams upon a youthful soul.

Who then that saw thee, Giant King !
 So silent and so slumbering,
 Had dreamed that once thy waters ran,
 O'erwhelming every haunt of man ?
 That sun and star long rose and set
 Alone on thy dark waters, yet,
 And but for one small sacred ark,
 Had found no living thing, to mark
 'This world as from their sister Earth,
 Called into being ere their birth !

'T is past ! Thy billowy pride no more
 May sweep beyond the girdling shore :
 'T is past ! Thy mountain waves still rage,
 But at thy Maker's word assuage ;
 And, meek and trembling as a child,
 At His command art thou the wonderful, the wild !

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

HOWL, BABYLON ! howl for the fate of thy land,
 The terrible day of the Lord is at hand ;
 Like the roar from the ocean, the tumult of war
 Is heard from the nations that gather afar ;
 Afar they are coming, with banners unfurled,
 To sweep thee away, like a cloud from the world.

The hand of the strong shall be weak as a child,
 And the heart of thy brave shall with terror grow wild,
 And the brows of thy haughty shall droop in despair,
 And the wail of thy fearful shall float in the air,

And the host of thy mighty, at sight of thy foes,
Like a woman in travail, shall shriek in their throes.

Howl, Babylon ! howl at the day of thy doom,
When the sun of the dawn shall be darkened in gloom,
And the moon shall grow pale, like a wanderer forlorn,
And the planets, that shone, of their beams shall be
shorn,
And the heavens shall quake at the anger of God,
And the earth be removed from her ancient abode.

The valiant, who strive with the spear and the sword,
Shall fall in the battle, all ghastly and gored,
And the timorous that fly, like the terrified roe,
Shall be trodden to earth by the feet of their foe ;
Their wives shall be ravished, their houses despoiled,
And dashed into pieces each innocent child.

Howl, Babylon ! howl ; for the season shall come,
When no mortal shall dwell in thy desolate home ;
But the beasts of the desert shall crowd in thy street,
And the birds of the islands together shall meet ;
And the owlets shall hoot, and the satyr shall play,
When the king and his people have melted away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O FAIR and goodly Star
Upon the brow of night,
That from thy silver car
Shoot'st on the darkened world thy friendly light,

Thy path is calm and bright
 Through the clear azure of the starry way ;
 And from thy heavenly height
 Thou seest how systems rise and pass away—
 The birth of human hopes, their blossom and decay.

O! that my spirit could
 Cast off its mould of clay,
 And, with the wise and good,
 Make wings unto itself and flee away ;
 That with thy bright array
 We might look down upon this world of wo,
 Even as the god of day
 Looks on the restless ocean-flow,
 And eyes the fighting waves that pant and foam be-
 low.

Alas ! it may not be—
 For mortal fetters bind
 To dull mortality
 The prisoned essence of the immortal mind :
 Our course is too confined—
 And, as beneath the sun that blazed too bright,
 The Cretan's waxen wing declined,
 Before the splendor of immortal light
 Our failing pinions fall, and plunge us back to night.

Then let my course below
 To them be near allied—
 Far from the worldly show,
 Through dim sequestered valleys let me glide :
 Scarce be my step descried
 Amid the pompous pageant of the scene ;

And where the hazels hide
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy screen,
Mine be the grassy seat—all lovely, lone, and green.

Within those verdant bounds,
Where, sweet to ear and eye,
Come gentle sighs and sounds,
The current of my days shall murmur by,
In calm tranquility ;
Nor doomed to roll o'er Passion's rocky bed,
Nor slothfully to lie
Like the dull pool in stagnant marshes bred,
Where waving weeds are rank, and noxious tendrils
spread.

FAME.

SAY, who would court the bubble Fame,
The fleeting vision of an hour ?
A breathing nothing, airy name,
As passing as an April shower.
'T is like the harp's last dying swell,
That flung around its magic tone ;
A moment on the ear it fell,
Then sunk like autumn's withering moan.

'T is like the dread night-meteor's glare,
That leads to lure o'er trackless wild ;
Delusive phantom of the air !
Thou lead'st man as the sportive child

Is led, by painted flowers, to roam,
 Or chase the gaudy summer fly,
 Till, weaned by pleasure from his home,
 'Mid howling storms from friends to die!

The Hero courts its flickering blaze,
 Fanned by Ambition's sweeping breath;
 Say, can he hear his country's praise
 Entombed in dust, subdued by death?
 Can Fame innerve his withered hand—
 Call back the vigor once that hurled,
 When vengeance waved the conquering brand,
 A slave or despot from the world?

Ah, no! his warfare now is done;
 Yet for his toils shall Time record
 Vain trophies in the battle won—
 A shattered shield, a broken sword.
 The Patriot, too, whose soul could dare
 The downfall of oppression's laws,
 Will proudly claim his feeble share
 Of Fame—a senate's loud applause.

Quenched is the spark that oft would soar,
 On freedom's pinions borne along;
 Of gaping crowd and rabble's roar,
 Vain idol, and the theme of song:—
 Now buried in the gulf of years;
 No record yields his silent grave;
 A broken urn alone appears,
 Like wreck on ocean's boundless wave.

The Poet's name shall pass away,
 Forgotten be his choicest theme,
 Like rosy clouds at closing day,
 As shadowy as his own bright dream.
 Now torn the once gay-woven wreath,
 Twined for the crest of hero brave ;
 And mute the lips that once would breathe
 A requiem on the Poet's grave.

Man's life is but a passing dream
 Of joy and sunshine, blight and care ;
 Joy, transient as a rainbow gleam,
 And dimmed by storms of dark despair.
 Who seeks renown?—who fights for Fame,
 That fœtid fame by mortals given?
 Fight in the cause that wins a name
 Recorded in the lists of Heaven!

DEDICATORY HYMN.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue—

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
 Thy favored worshiper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well—

From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
 The incense of the heart—may rise
 To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this Thy house, whose doors we now
 For social worship first unfold,
 To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
 While circling years on years are rolled.

To Thee, shall Age, with snowy hair,
 And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,
 And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
 To Thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

THE RAINBOW.

SWEET Mercy's symbol! oft I love to gaze
 On thee with mingled wonder and delight,
 While pensive Fancy wings her rapid flight
 To other regions, and far distant days;
 When first the aged patriarch's dazzled sight
 Was fixed with rapture on thy arch sublime,
 As from the realms of uncreated light
 A voice proclaimed, that, to the end of time,
 Thou, beauteous bow, a monument should prove
 Of pardoning mercy and unchanging love.

Ages have rolled away : Time's mighty tide
 Has swept off countless myriads to the tomb ;
 Oft has fair Nature perished, and her bloom
 Resumed with new-born strength, and vernal pride ;
 All on this globe has changed, or passed away—
 Cities and empires vanished from the earth ;
 But there thou standest, bright as on the day
 When first the Almighty's mandate gave thee birth ;
 And such, fair type of mercy, shalt thou be,
 Till time is swallowed in eternity.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

BEHOLD the lily's silken vest,
 How finely wove in nature's loom !
 No king, in ermined splendor dressed,
 Can match its richness or perfume.

Yet void of art or toil it grows,
 Looks bright, and lives its transient hour ;
 Then, Man, forego thy earth-born woes ;
 The hand that made preserves the flower.

And see ! in tracts of desert air,
 The feathered people wildly roam ;
 God makes their little wants his care,
 Hears their weak cry, and guards their home.

If thus he clothes the lily race,
 That bud and blossom but to die ;
 If thus from heaven, his lofty place,
 He heeds the humblest things that fly ;

Shall faithless man, to fears a prey,
 In dark despondence waste his hours?
 Can love's exhaustless source decay?
 Or are we less than birds or flowers!

SISTE VIATOR!

Look *around* thee—see Decay,
 On her wings of darkness, sweeping
 Earth's proud monuments away—
 See the muse of history weeping
 O'er the ruins Time hath made—
 Strength in dust and ashes laid,
 Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look around thee—Wisdom there
 Careless Death confounds with Folly
 In a common sepulchre.
 See the unrighteous and the holy
 Blended in the general wreck;
 Well those tears may wet thy cheek—
 Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look around thee—Beauty's light
 Is extinguished,—Death assembles
 Youth's gay morn and age's night—
 And the steadfast mountain trembles
 At his glance, like autumn's leaf—
 All, he cries, is vain, is brief;
 And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

Look *behind* thee—Cities hid
 In the night of treacherous story ;
 Many a crumbling pyramid,
 Many a pile of senseless glory,
 Temples into ruin hurled,
 (Fragments of an earlier world,)
 Broken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee—Men, whose frown
 Made whole nations quake before them—
 What is left of their renown ?
 Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them.
 Kings and conquerors, where are they ?
 Ask yon worthless heaps of clay ;
 O despise not, but deplore them !

Look behind thee—Bards sublime,
 Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages—
 Go ! inquire their names of Time ;
 Bid it read its earliest pages.
 Foolish questioner ! If Fame
 Guard through years a cherished name—
 Fame itself decays in ages.

Look *before* thee—all the glare,
 All the pomp around thee glowing ;
 All that charms the eye or ear,
 Strains of softest music flowing,
 Grace and beauty—all are sped
 Towards the ruins of the dead ;
 Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee—at yon vault,
 Where Time's ravage is recorded,
 Thou wilt be compelled to halt ;
 Thou wilt be no more regarded
 Than the weakest, meanest slave,
 Sleeping in a common grave,
 Unrespected—unrewarded.

Look before thee—at thy feet
 Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures ;
 Where the voices, now so sweet ?
 Where the fair ones' smiling features ?
 Hoppest thou to escape the tomb ?
 That which was thy father's doom
 Will be thine, thy son's, and nature's.

Look *above* thee—there indeed
 May thy thoughts repose delighted.
 If thy wounded bosom bleed,
 If thy fondest hopes are blighted,
 There a stream of comfort flows,
 There a sun of splendor glows ;
 Wander, then, no more benighted.

Look above thee—ages roll,
 Present, past, and future blending—
 Earth hath nought to soothe a soul
 'Neath affliction's burden bending,
 Nothing 'gainst the tempest shock ;
 Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
 And to Heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee—never eye
 Saw such pleasures as await thee ;
 Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy
 As are there prepared to meet thee :
 Light undying—seraphs' lyres—
 Angel welcomes—cherub choirs
 Smiling through Heaven's doors to greet thee.

REMONSTRANCE AND CONSOLATION.

O STEAL not thou my faith away,
 Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind :
 Let all that earth can yield decay,
 But leave this heavenly gift behind ;
 Our life is but a meteor gleam,
 Lit up amid surrounding gloom—
 A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
 Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
 There lie, beyond that dreary bourne,
 Some region, where the faithful dead
 Eternally forget to mourn,—
 Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
 The burning wild, the black abyss—
 I shrink not from the path of pain,
 Which endeth in a world like this.

But O, if all that nerves us here,
 When grief assails and sorrow stings,
 Exist but in the shadowy sphere
 Of Fancy's weak imaginings ;—

If hopes, though cherished long and deep,
 Be bold and baseless mockeries,—
 Then welcome that eternal sleep,
 Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush thy troubled heart, be still,
 Renounce thy vain philosophy ;
 Like morning on the misty hill,
 The light of Truth will break on thee.
 Go, search the prophet's deathless page ;
 Go, question thou the radiant sky ;
 And learn from them, mistaken sage !
 The glorious words—"Thou shalt not die !"

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of Earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation :—

Ye matin Worshipers ! who, bending lowly
 Before the uprisen Sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high :—

Ye bright Mosaics ! that, with storied beauty,
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer ;—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned ;—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
 Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,—
 Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles ! that, in dewy splendor,
 “ Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,”
 O ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your lore sublime !

“ Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
 “ Arrayed,” the lilies cry—“ in robes like ours ;
 “ How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory
 “ Are human flowers !”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist !

With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, Flowers ! though made for pleasure :
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral Sages ! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous Glories ! angel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE has a thousand charms,
 A thousand dreams of bliss ;
 Hope, Friendship, Love, thy bosom warms
 A gleam of mercy this :
 But soon that sun-lit hour is passed,
 And Hope flies shivering from the blast.

Life has a thousand ills,—
 A thousand anxious fears ;
 Clouds gather on the sunny hills,
 And doubts dissolve in tears :
 But Hope comes smiling through the storm—
 A rainbow round her angel-form.

Life has a thousand joys ;
 Youth fondly dreams forever ;
 But night draws on ; Youth droops and sighs
 “ Will day return ?—O never ! ”
 Swift as a breath, light breaks the gloom,
 And Gladness smiles on Sorrow's tomb.

'T is but a change at best,
 Upon Life's busy shore,
 A little toil, a little rest,
 And all its cares are o'er.
 Then sealed, immutable, thy state,—
 Fixed—an irrevocable fate !

It is a dream !—But know
 Death's cold hand breaks that slumber ;
 And who shall tell, if bliss or wo
 Those countless moments number ?
 It is beyond an angel's ken
 To pierce the veil that rises then !

Life is a narrow sea,
 But who its bounds may tell ?
 Its viewless depths—Eternity,—
 Its limits—Heaven or Hell !
 A point—a moment—on it hang
 Unuttered bliss—exhaustless pang !

'T is thine ;—but moments passed
 Nor prayers nor tears recall :
 Even while thou readest, light and fast
 Time's noiseless footsteps fall :
 And o'er Life's golden sands he flies,
 His path serene as evening skies.

Health basks upon thy brow,—
 But Death's cold victims see :
 Soon thou must lie as they do now,
 And others gaze on thee,
 When Life, and Hope's gay vision, seem
 To them as bright as once thy dream.

From out Life's rose-wreathed bower
 Thou glistenest gaily forth,
 And all is bright,—a sunny hour
 On sky, and sea, and earth ;
 But darkness cometh, and the gloom
 No beam can pierce—a rayless tomb !

O, where thy spirit, when
 Friends round thy couch are weeping ?
 Borne on an angel's pinion then,
 From where that dust is sleeping ?
 Death solves the question ; ere it come, prepare,
 None find their pardon, or repentance there.

SPIRIT! THAT O'ER THIS STERILE EARTH.

SPIRIT! that o'er this sterile earth
 So long thy kindly gifts hast shed,
 What strain of humble, grateful mirth
 May mortal raise,—by duty led,—
 That thou shalt hear—that thou shalt deign
 To accept, as tribute of a soul
 Redeemed from night's eternal reign;
 To die not, while those bright orbs roll,
 Whose brightest emblem is of thee,
 Warming and cheering all around
 Whose dimmest aptly pictureth me,
 Least dust of the ethereal ground,
 If mid the least of all I happy may be found.

Spirit! thou needest not mortal mirth
 To swell thy praise, by duty led.
 Bald is the noblest song of earth,
 Discordant and unhallowed,
 Compared with high angelic strain,
 Thou hearest through heaven's vast chamber roll:
 When, won from sin's delusions vain,
 To virtue's mild and calm control,
 Bendeth the penitential knee,
 Signal for seraph harps to sound!
 Such lay, such theme, how worthy thee!
 But what in earthly song is found,
 Fit for the ear of him whom tuneful orbs surround?

THOUGHTS

BESIDE THE CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

IMAGE of rest ! how beautiful art thou,
 In the fixed quiet of thy marble brow ?
 All passionless and calm, like wintry skies
 In their cold vesture of ethereal dyes,
 When stars look downward from their quiet spheres,
 Serenely silent, on a world of tears.

This, *this is rest* ! The troubled earth hath nought
 To vex thy bosom with an anxious thought ;
 No more the pulses of that tranquil heart,
 At passion's thrilling voice shall wildly start ;
 Its rudest breath awakes no passing fear,
 Nor stirs one blossom on thine early bier.

This, *this is peace* ! Earth holds not, in its sway,
 One charm the heart's deep sorrows to allay ;
 It binds no fetter on the wayward mind,
 When swayed by passions, reckless as the wind ;
 In all its varied wealth of fruit or flower,
 It bears no balm to soothe affliction's hour,
 No branch to heal the bitter stream that flows
 From life's bright morning to its gloomy close.
 But what are earth's dark penalties to thee ?
 Thy bonds are riven, and **THY SOUL IS FREE.**

Yet would mistaken love have kept thee still,
 To drain the bitter cup of mortal ill ;
 This heart, still bleeding from the stroke of Heaven,
 Against that awful stroke hath wildly striven,

Hands have been clasped in energetic prayer,
 Sighs have been mingled with the viewless air,
 Tears have been poured before the throne of God,
 Yet bows the soul beneath his chastening rod ;
 His will is done ; THOU ART FOREVER BLEST ;
 O that this soul could share thy sacred rest !

Still let me gaze upon that placid face,
 Where earthly care hath left no sullen trace.
 Repose so perfect soothes the bursting heart,
 And stills the anguish of affection's smart ;
 Ay ! let me gaze—How strange that death should wear
 So bright an aspect ! such a holy air !
 And shall we dread such blessedness as this ?
 Such full perfection of ecstatic bliss ?
 Stay, Seraph ! for around thy placid brow
 Methinks I view a halo gathering now ;
 Stay till this rebel heart submissive bends,
 And frames an anthem as thy soul ascends ;
 'Tis done ! the cord is loosed that held thee down ;
 Go ! to thy blissful home and thornless crown.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day ;
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 " I am content to die—but, O ! not now !—
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;
 Not while the bright flowers round my footsteps wreath.

Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
I am content to die—but, O! not now!”

The Spring hath ripened into Summer-time;
The season's viewless boundary is passed;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
O! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
“Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
For while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone,
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but, O! not now!”

Summer is gone: and Autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
“Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruby gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die—but, O! not now!”

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. “O! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:

Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !
I am content to die—but, O ! not now !”

The Spring has come again—the joyful Spring !
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread :
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing ;
The Child of Earth is numbered with the dead !
Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again.
Death’s silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now.

TO MY SOUL.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
Compose the weary limbs to rest,
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep,
Whom angels keep.
Not ! though by care opprest,
Or thought of anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many coil perplexed
For coming morrow—
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can say, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e’er return ?

Rouse up my soul,
 Slumber control,
 And let thy lamps burn brightly,
 So shall thine eyes discern
 Things pure and sightly.
 Taught by the Spirit, learn
 Never on prayerless bed
 To lay thine unblest head.

Bethink thee, slumbering soul, of all that's promised
 To faith, in holy prayer :
 Lives there within thy breast
 A worm that gives unrest ?
 Ask peace from Heaven ;
 Peace will be given ;
 Humble self-love and pride
 Before the Crucified,
 Who for thy sins has died ;
 Nor lay thy weary head
 On thankless, prayerless bed.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
 That calls for holy prayer ?
 Has thy day been so bright
 That, in its flight,
 There is no trace of sorrow ?
 And art thou sure to-morrow
 Will be like this, and more
 Abundant ? Dost thou lay up thy store,
 And still make place for more ?
 Thou fool ! this very night
 Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
 Who tracks the Ocean deep,
 And when storms sweep
 The wintry lowering skies,
 For whom thou waks't and weapest ?
 O ! when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek there the covenant ark of prayer,
 For He that slumbereth not is *there*—
 His ears are open to thy cries :
 O ! then on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Hast thou not loved one than thyself more dear,
 Who claims a prayer from thee—
 Some, who never bend the knee
 From Infidelity ?
 Think, if by prayer they 're brought
 —*Thy* prayer—to be forgiven ;
 And, making peace with Heaven,
 Unto the Cross they 're led ;
 O ! For their sakes, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thine unblessed head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber
 Till, in communion blessed,
 With the elect ye rest,
 Those souls of countless number ;
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from earth to heaven,
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;

So lay the happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

A DREAM.

Sleep hath his own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.—*Byron.*

I FELT that my death-hour was come ;
I strove to pray—I strove to weep,
But the winds stuck in my parched throat,
And the lean flesh did coldly creep—
So horrible it was to die,
At midnight in my lonely sleep.

I heard the rattle in my throat,
And then I surely knew
That I should die ; and then the dark
Death-angel o'er me flew :
O God ! how cold I felt that shade
As it broad and broader grew.

Like a drowning man, I downward sank
Within that horrid sea ;
The cold waves, gurgling in mine ear,
Did rush all fearfully ;
Then, o'er my heart the death-spasm fell,
And I shrieked convulsively.

And now I knew that I had died :
For, lighter than the wind,
I passed the sun—yet, all the stars
Did glimmer far behind—

A lone and bodiless thing, I swept
The universe unconfined.

O many a happy thing I saw
Float on their glittering wings—
Flinging their fleshless fingers o'er
Their harps of golden strings—
All unawares, I lingered there
To drink their murmurings.

All unawares, I prayed to God,
Charmed by that starry spell,
Amid that land of happy things,
Whose tone so wildly fell—
All unawares, I prayed, that there
I evermore might dwell

But darkness gathered o'er me then,
And I shuddered fearfully ;
For the great judgement throne was set,
Far on the flaming sky,
And earthly crimes my fears awoke,
And I prayed that I might die.

Like the sear-leaf, borne on the storm,
So was I whirled on,
Where tens of thousands burning zones,
Begirt that great white throne:—
A diadem of stars, far o'er
The universe they shone.

I turned me to the judgement throne—
But blasted grew my sight,

Like him who gazes on the sun,
 Unsufferably bright ;
 I shrunk in darkness and in fear,
 From that great throne of light.

I saw the skeletons of men
 Float, past the darkening sun ;
 And the blue stars looked ghastly wan—
 Their race of light was run ;
 The moon swept by, like a ball of blood,
 And sunk in that burning solitude.

Then rose so wild, so loud a wail—
 So horrible a sigh—
 Like a thousand thunders breaking,
 And rolling in the sky ;
 That wail was Nature's funeral dirge,
 The damned spirits' cry.

That cry so wild, my blood so chilled,
 It was like ice upon a stream ;
 And thus I woke and blessed God
 That all was but—A MIDNIGHT DREAM :
 But from that moment, I began
 To be an altered and a holy man.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

THERE is a plain above the skies,
 And there a glorious city stands ;
 God is the builder of her walls,
 Unwrought by art, unmade my hands.

Salvation shines upon her gates,
 In characters of pearly light;
 Her walls a pile of adamant,
 Her streets a sea of jasper bright.

And who are they, who solemn move,
 In robes of light her ways among,
 With crowns upon each hallowed head,
 And praises on each burning tongue?

Through toil and trouble sore, who passed
 On earth while wandering, those are they;
 But God hath cleansed the spotted robe,
 And wiped the unhallowed tear away.

Of earthly joy their share was small,
 Pain wrung the heart, want bowed the head;
 Sorrow and sin and shame they knew,
 And oft they wept, and oft they bled.

Yet through the power of sovereign grace,
 Redeemed from sin, renewed to God,
 They loved the truth that Jesus taught,
 And triumphed in the path he trod.

And who is He upon the Mount,
 Whose forehead bears the unuttered name?
 Round him his ransomed people shout,
 " 'T is He—and worthy is the Lamb "

And who is He upon the throne,
 Whose glory angel-harpings tell?
 His name is Spirit, Light, and Love,
 'T is God himself, the unsearchable.

Blessed, O city, are thy walls,
 And blessed who inhabit them;
 God is thy temple, and thy light;
 Thy name, the New-Jerusalem.

ORDINATION HYMN.

O THOU, the Everlasting! thou,
 The only God, Jehovah! we,
 With all thy throned archangels, bow
 With hymning and with prayer, to Thee.

Around thy cloud-encompassed throne,
 Where unseen harps forever ring,
 Where everlasting trumps are blown,
 And kings, and bards, and prophets sing:

We kneel, O God, with those that were
 Thy chosen ones on earth; we bow,
 With crowned multitudes, in prayer,
 And ask thy blessing, Father, now,

On this, thy flock, assembled here,
 And him, whom thou hast called to thee,
 Commissioned, Father, to appear
 In thy consuming ministry.

O Thou, to whom thy people came
 In ancient times, with songs and prayers,
 Whose servant saw thee, wrapped in flame,
 O be our God, as thou wast theirs.

AN HOUR OF PEACE.

“ They who sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
 For those with cares distressed,
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
 And all be hushed to rest.
 'T is then the soul is freed from fears,
 And doubts, which here annoy ;
 When they, who oft have sown in tears,
 Shall reap again with joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more ;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows,
 On that celestial shore.
 There smiling peace with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy ;
 There they, who once have sown in tears,
 Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near,
 Which shall unveil the tomb,
 When, filled with doubt, and trembling fear,
 We pass the valley's gloom—
 Wilt thou, blessed Jesus, calm these fears !
 Let praise our lips employ,
 That we, who here have sown in tears,
 May reap in Heaven with joy.

CONSOLATION.

THINK, O ye, who fondly languish,
 O'er the grave of those you love,
 While your bosoms throb with anguish,
 They are warbling hymns above :
 While your silent steps are straying,
 Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.

There the sun's inferior lustre
 Never sheds a feeble ray ;
 There no envious shadows cluster,
 Blotting out the cheerful day ;
 Night, the face of nature veiling,
 Rears her sable throne no more,
 'Mid those spirits pure, inhaling
 Life from him whom they adore.

Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die !
 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness there no more can come ;
 There no fear of wo intruding
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

From their eyes celestial, swelling
 Drops of sorrow ne'er shall roll ;
 God himself has fixed his dwelling
 In the temple of the soul ;

Cease then, mourner, cease to languish,
 O'er the grave of those you love ;
 Pain and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.

EVENING HYMN, FOR A CHILD.

My God ! to thee, in humble prayer,
 At morn and eve I bend my knee ;
 For thou, with kind protecting care,
 Through all my life hast guarded me.

Now when again the shades of night
 O'er every beauteous scene are spread,
 Thy aid I seek, thou Lord of light,
 To keep each danger from my bed.

How have I spent the day that 's past ?
 In holy deeds, or actions vain.
 O ! what if this shall prove my last,
 And I no morning greet again ?

Am I prepared to bid adieu,
 To friends and sports, and all life's charms ?
 Could I sustain the awful view
 Of thee, my Judge ! without alarms ?

Assist me, then, to do thy will,
 And teach me every fault to shun ;
 So, while my duties I fulfil,
 Forgive what I would wish undone.

Oft, when I lay me down to rest,
 And seem few signs of life to have,
 Be deeply on my soul impressed
 The long repose that waits the grave.

The long repose ! which nought shall break,
 Till the last angel's trumpet sound ;
 O then from death may I awake,
 And be with all thy Faithful found.

HOLY DYING.

CALM is the parting hour,
 When death with sovereign power
 Throws o'er the righteous soul his heavy chain ;
 Nor doubt, nor dread attend,
 While round him loved ones bend ;
 But peace, celestial, mocks the body's pain.

He sees the links of earth
 Part ; and his final birth
 To perfect holiness, with raptured eye :
 Behind, a vale of tears
 In cloud and shade appears ;
 Before, the heaven-bright fields of promise lie.

His friends hang round and weep,
 While, like an infant's sleep,
 The chilling lethargy of death steals on ;
 And o'er his eye the glaze
 Falls, and the spirit's blaze
 Flashes for once, and all of earth is done.

How silent, like the breath
 Of morning, was that death !
 No agony, nor torturing thought was there :
 And what a holy smile
 Plays round those lips the while !
 And how, like heaven's own arch, that brow is fair !

O ! may my footsteps tread
 The path, by virtue led,
 And God's own day-star, till I sink in dust !
 And when I lay me down
 To sleep, O ! may the crown
 Shine on my eye, that circles round the just !

I WILL NOT FORGET THEE.

Isaiah xlix. 14, 15.

HEAVEN speaks ! O Nature, listen and rejoice !
 O spread from pole to pole this gracious voice !

“ Say, every breast of human frame, that proves
 The boundless force with which a parent loves ;
 Say, can a mother from her yearning heart
 Bid the soft image of her child depart ?
 She ! whom strong instinct arms with strength to bear
 All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care ;
 She ! who, with anguish stung, with madness wild,
 Will rush on death to save her threatened child ;
 All selfish feelings banished from her breast,
 Her life one aim to make another's blest ;

Will she, for all ambition can attain,
 The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
 Betray strong Nature's feelings? will she prove
 Cold to the claims of duty and of love?
 But should the mother, from her yearning heart
 Bid the soft image of her child depart;
 Should she unpitying hear his melting sigh,
 And view unmoved the tear that fills his eye;
 Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth
 To yon illumined orbs, and this fair earth;
 Who through the boundless depths of trackless space
 Bade new-waked beauty spread each perfect grace;
 Yet, when he formed the vast stupendous whole,
 Shed his best bounties on the human soul;
 Which reason's light illumines, which friendship warms,
 Which pity softens, and which virtue charms,
 Which feels the pure affections' generous glow,
 Shares others' joy, and bleeds for others' wo—
 Oh! never will the general Father prove
 Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"

When all those planets in their ample spheres
 Have winged their course, and rolled their destined
 years;
 When the vast Sun shall veil his golden light
 Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
 When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies;
 When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
 God shall himself his favored creature guide
 Where living waters pour their blissful tide,
 Where the enlarged, exulting, wondering mind
 Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refined;

Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless rays,
 Shall gild Eternity's unmeasured days ;
 Where Friendship, unembittered by distrust,
 Shall in immortal bands unite the just ;
 Devotion, raised to rapture, breathe her strain,
 And Love in his eternal triumph reign !

WHAT IS LIFE?

AN eagle flew up, in his heavenward flight,
 Far out of the reach of human sight,
 And gazed on the earth, from his lordly height
 In the clouds of the upper air :—
 And this is life, he exultingly screams,
 To soar without peer where the lightning gleams,
 And look unblenched on the sun's gorgeous beams,
 And know of no harrowing care.

A lion leaped forth from his bloody bed,
 And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead :
 And man and beast from him tremblingly fled,
 As though there was death in the tone :—
 And this is life, he triumphantly cried,
 To hold my domain in the forest wide,
 Imprisoned alone by the ocean's tide,
 And the ice of the frozen zone.

It is life, said a whale, to swim the deep,
 O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
 Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,
 In the fathomless gulf below :—

To bask on the bosom of tropic seas,
 And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's breeze,
 Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
 In the climes of eternal snow.

It is life, says a tireless albitross,
 To skim through the air when the black waves toss,
 In the storm that has swept the earth across,
 And never to wish for rest :—
 To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
 My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
 And build my nest on the billows, that rise,
 And break with a beautiful crest.

It is life, said a wild gazelle, to leap
 From crag to crag of the mountainous steep,
 Where the clouds' icy tears in purity sleep,
 Like the marble brow of death :—
 To stand unmoved on the outermost verge
 Of the perilous height, and hear the surge
 Of the waters beneath, that onward urge,
 As if sent by demon's breath.

It is life, I hear a butterfly say,
 To revel in blooming gardens by day,
 And nestle in cups of flowerets gay,
 When the stars the heavens illumine :—
 To steal from the rose its delicate hue,
 'To sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
 And catch, from beds of the violet blue,
 The richest and sweetest perfume.

It is life, a majestic war-horse neighed,
 To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
 Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
 And to scent the streaming gore :—
 To rush unappalled through the fiery heat,
 And trample the dead beneath my feet,
 To the trumpet's clang, and the drum's loud beat,
 And hear the artillery roar.

It is life, said a savage, with hideous yell,
 To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
 And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
 As the primal monarch of all :—
 To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
 And to know that like them I am chainless and free,
 And never, while breathing, to bend the knee,
 But at the Manitou's call.

An aged Christian went tottering by,
 And white was his hair, and dim was his eye,
 And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,
 While he said, with faltering breath :—
 It is life, to move, from the heart's first throes,
 Through youth and manhood, to age's snows,
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes :—
 It is life to prepare for death !

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Go, Warrior ! pluck the laurel bough,
 And bind it round thy reeking brow ;
 Ye Sons of Pleasure ! blithely twine
 A chaplet of the purple vine ;
 And, Beauty ! cull each blushing flower,
 That ever decked the sylvan bower ;
 No wreath is bright, no garland fair,
 Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,
 The vine its purple fruit deny,
 The wreath that smiling beauty twined
 Will leave no lingering bud behind ;
 For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,
 In vain would shun the withering tomb,
 Where nought is bright and nought is fair,
 Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom ! of immortal bloom,
 Of fadeless hue and sweet perfume,
 Far in the desert's dreary waste,
 In lone neglected beauty placed,
 Let others seek the blushing bower,
 And cull the frail and fading flower,
 But I 'll to dreariest wilds repair,
 If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When Nature's hand, with cunning care,
 No more the opening bud shall rear,
 But, hurled by Heaven's avenging Sire,
 Descends the earth-consuming fire,

And desolation's hurrying blast,
 O'er all the saddened scene has passed,
 There is a clime, forever fair,
 And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

ALPHA, Omega ! first and last !

Creative spirit ! Power supreme !
 Whose hand can wing the lightning's blast,
 Or paint the morning's orient beam—

Where art thou found ? thy throne how high ?
 Where hast thou fixed thy dwelling place ?
 Can finite wishes ever fly
 Even to the footstool of thy grace ?

O could I now arise and stand
 Upon the zenith of the globe ;
 And mark how, round on either hand,
 The heavens enwrap it like a robe ;

Mark the vast stores of frost and snow,
 The region of the air contains ;
 Trace whence the genial breezes blow,
 And whence descend refreshing rains ;

Where should I find thee ? still above
 Dark clouds thy majesty enshrine,
 Emitting rays of peace and love ;
 Of peace eternal, love divine.

Where shall I find thee? need I ask?
 Is there a tree, a plant, a flower,
 But makes its daily, hourly task
 To speak thy goodness, and thy power?

Even now when silence reigns around,
 Even in this solemn watch of night,
 Thy voice is heard, and thou art found
 In all thy works supremely bright.

Ten thousand insects chant thy praise;
 Ten thousand worlds thy power declare;
 None from thine eye can hide his ways,
 For thou art present every where.

Then teach the atom, thou hast made,
 To hope and trust thy mercy still;
 To fear thy wrath, to ask thy aid,
 To love thy law, and do thy will.

SILENT WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
 On the day of its first dedication,
 When the Cherubim's wings, widely waving, were seen
 On high o'er the ark's holy station;—

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
 To minister, standing before Thee,
 Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,
 And thy glory made Israel adore Thee;—

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
 Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever repealed?
 But by Him, unto whom it was given
 To enter the Oracle, where is revealed,
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of Heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
 O Lord! how to worship before Thee,
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day;
 But in *spirit* and *truth* to adore Thee!

This, this is the worship the Savior made known,
 When she, of Samaria, found him
 By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
 With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
 To her, who inquired by that fountain,
 If JEHOVAH at Solyma's shrine would be sought?
 Or adored on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
 When He, if ye rightly would hail him,
 Will neither be worshiped *exclusively* here,
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
 Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
 In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
 That Spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
 Whose bosoms have livingly known it ;
 Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,
 And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple, that Solomon built to his name,
 Now lives but in history's story ;
 Extinguished, long since, is its altar's bright flame,
 And vanished each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
 Though all human fabrics may falter,
 Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
 Where the fire burns unquenched on the altar.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

“ O that I might die the death of the righteous.”

JoyFUL, and yet tremendous hour,
 When, from the dangerous cell of clay,
 The Soul, by Death's dissolving power,
 Breaks forth—looks round—and all is day !
 A vast eternity before
 The disembodied spirit lies,
 And, shuddering on its awful shore,
 The new-born nestling of the skies,
 Gazing and wondering, soars with eagle flight,
 Through stars and suns—undazzled at the sight.

And O ! what wonders burst upon the view,
 As Heaven's all-glorious splendors wide unfold !
 What sweet Hosannas—anthems ever new—
 What thrones of sapphire—diadems of gold,

Of suffering spotless virtue the reward,
 Await for all the ransomed of the Lord.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Enjoy thy ever-blissful home ;
 Again arch-angels strike their lyres ;—
 Again Redemption ! joyful song,
 Warbled through all the heavenly throng,
 From every saint and angel's tongue,
 In holy chorus pours along,
 And rapturous bliss inspires.

A robe of pure unsullied white,
 The blood-washed soul adorns ;
 A crown, with stars of glory bright,
 Stars, that have never seen the night,
 Is given by Him, whose countenance is light,
 By Him, who once was crowned with thorns !

The ravished soul looks down on earth,
 Benighted world of griefs and fears ;
 Vast nations, buoyant on a scalding flood
 Of human misery's tears ;
 Whole kingdoms, reeking with the blood
 Of virtue's holy martyrs, years on years ;
 A world that gave a Savior birth,
 How wretched—wretched now, that world appears !

Could earthly woes celestial realms invade,
 O'erwhelmed with sorrows would the righteous be ;
 But here, forever, thy proud waves are stayed,
 Thou troubled ocean of mortality ;
 Death and eternity, the wall and line,
That bars affliction, mortal from divine.

No dreams of sufferings past or worldly woes,
 Disturb the tranquil morn of Faith's repose ;
 But rest unceasing to the saint is given,
 And all the life, and bliss, and heaven of heaven.

O! for the wings of the bright early morning!
 Swifter than light would they bear me away,
 Where those blest martyrs are both worlds adorning,
 Fairer than beauty, and brighter than day.

O! for the death of the righteous and holy!
 O! for the victory o'er hell and the grave!
 Come, blessed moments, why travel so slowly?
 God, is thine arm *not* almighty to save?

Save me from scenes of unparalleled sorrow,
 Darker than night-clouds that shut out my soul
 From the blest day-spring of hope on the morrow;
 Thunders of Sinai, how awful ye roll!

But, from the regions of glory supernal,
 Breaks a sweet voice, full of comfort and love;
 God in his mercy, unchanged and eternal,
 Wounds but to heal thee with raptures above.

PSALM XIX.

God the Heavens aloud proclaim
 Through their wide-extended frame,
 And the Firmament each hour
 Speaks the wonders of his power.

Day to the succeeding day
 Joys the notice to convey,
 And the Nights, in ceaseless round,
 Each to each repeat the sound :
 Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
 In his praise to form the song,
 To the Lord they raise the theme,
 Who of gods is God Supreme.
 Pleased to hear their voice extend
 Far as to her utmost end,
 Earth the heaven-taught knowledge boasts
 Through her many-languaged coasts ;
 While the Sun above her head
 Sees his tabernacle spread,
 And, from out his chamber bright,
 Like a Bridegroom springs to sight :
 See him with gigantic pace,
 Joyous, run his destined race,
 See him, every breast to cheer,
 Pass through heaven in swift career ;
 Now to farthest regions borne
 Onward speed, and now return,
 And to all, with welcome ray,
 Life and genial warmth convey.

Warmth and life each thankful heart
 Feels thy law, great God, impart ;
 Clear from every spot it shines,
 And the guilt-stained thought refines ;
 Truth's firm base its frame upholds,
 While it mysteries unfolds,

Which the childlike mind explores, .
 And to heavenly science soars.
 Pressed with sorrows, doubts, and fears,
 What like this the spirit cheers,
 Big with acts, that shall suggest
 Lasting joy to every breast?
 What so perfect, what so pure?
 What to Reason's eye obscure
 Can such wondrous light afford
 As the dictates of thy word?
 Where thy fear its fruit matures,
 (Fruit, that endless years endures)
 There the mind, with steadfast trust,
 Owns thy statutes wise, and just.
 Nor can gold such worth acquire
 From the seventh exploring fire,
 Nor the labor of the bees
 E'er in sweetness vie with these;
 Taught by them, thy servant's breast
 Joys the blessings to attest
 Heaped on those, whose hearts sincere
 Learn thy precepts to revere.

Best Instructor! from thy ways
 Who can tell how oft he strays?
 Save from error's growth my mind;
 Leave not, Lord, one root behind:
 Purge me from the guilt, that lies
 Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
 Let me thence, by Thee renewed,
 Each presumptuous sin exclude:

So my lot shall ne'er be joined
 With the men, whose impious mind,
 Fearless of thy just command,
 Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
 Let my tongue, from error free,
 Speak the words approved by Thee ;
 To thy all-observing eyes
 Let my thoughts accepted rise :
 While I thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer ! bow thine ear :
 God my strength ! propitious hear.

PSALM XXIII.

Lo ! my Shepherd's hand divine !
 Want shall never more be mine.
 In a pasture, fair and large,
 He shall feed his happy charge,
 And my couch, with tenderest care,
 'Midst the springing grass prepare :
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams, that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadow flow.

He my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way ;

Though the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'er spread,
 There I walk, from terror free,
 While my every wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard, and that my guide.

While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy favoring care hast shown ;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
 Thou with oil refreshed my head ;
 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
 For thy love no limit knows ;
 Constant, to my latest end
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

DIRGE.

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !”
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid
 In one silent bed are laid ;
 Here the vassal and the king
 Side by side lie withering ;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—
 “ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along
 O'er this pale and mighty throng:
 Those that wept them, those that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,
 Summer's sun or winter's storm,
 Song of peace or battle's roar,
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
 It shall come in fear and wonder;
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil,
 It shall come in empires' groans,
 Burning temples, trampled thrones:
 Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgement sign;
 In the east the King shall shine;
 Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
 Thousand thousands round his state,
 Spirits with the crown and plume;
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
 Heaven shall open on our sight,
 Earth be turned to living light,
 Kingdom of the ransomed Just—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God;
 Till are dried the martyr's tears
 Through a thousand glorious years!
 Now, in hope of Him we trust
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

THE mound is green, the grass is growing
 O'er the newly platted grave;
 Fast the tide of time is flowing,
 Whelming all beneath its wave.

I joy to think that wave may bear
 Me onward to a world of bliss,
 That I may see and love him there,
 Whom I so fondly prized in this!

My Father! O thy name is yet
 A treasured thought, and long will be,
 E'en till with parting life shall set
 The pole-star of my memory!

For thou to me hast been below
 A guide to warn, a light to guide;
 To thy unceasing love I owe
 More than to all the world beside.

Thy kindness now seems doubly dear,
 Since thou art gone, and gone for ever ;
 How bright Affection's hues appear,
 Which nought can dim though death may sever !

So, when the summer sun departs,
 And wintry darkness reigns alone,
 When o'er the memory of our hearts
 Beams brighter still his brightness gone,—

Parent spirit ! gone before me !
 Look'st thou from thy starry throne !
 Haply now thou watchest o'er me,
 Sorrowing at thy grave alone !

Here the world, its truth, its error,
 Wealth, and glory, all are vain ;
 Joy and sorrow, hope and terror,
 Cease, where death alone can reign.

The grave ! that frail and silent dwelling,
 What is all its gloom to me ?
 Is not e'en its silence telling
 What my own sure fate must be ?

Yes ! but here awhile I gather
 Flowers of memory, springing fast :
 Cherished thus for thee, my Father !
 Long their grateful bloom will last.

And O ! when time and death shall sever
 Me from every earthly tie,
 Then, to dwell with thee for ever !
 That hope will make it bliss to die !

TIME'S CHANGES.

THERE was a Child, a helpless child,
 Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
 That often wept, and sometimes smiled,
 Upon its mother's breast ;
 Feebly its meanings stammered out,
 And tottered tremblingly about,
 And knew no wilder world without
 Its little home of rest.

THERE was a Boy, a light heart boy,
 One, whom no troubles could annoy,
 Save some lost sport, or shattered toy,
 Forgotten in an hour ;
 No dark remembrance troubled him,
 No future fear his path could dim,
 But joy before his eyes would swim,
 And hope rise like a tower.

THERE was a Youth, an ardent youth,
 Full of high promise, courage, truth.
 He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
 Save love's sweet wounds alone ;
 He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
 He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
 And sweeter held love's saddest sighs,
 Than music's softest tone.

THERE was a Man, a wary man,
 Whose bosom nursed full many a plan
 For making life's contracted span
 A path of gain and gold ;

And how to sow, and how to reap,
 And how to swell his shining heap,
 And how the wealth acquired to keep,
 Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old Gray-haired One,
 On whom had four-score winters done
 Their work appointed, and had spun
 His thread of life so fine,
 That scarce its thin line could be seen,
 And with the slightest touch, I ween,
 'T would be as it had never been,
 And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
 Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
 That each might, in his different state,
 The other's pathways shun?
 I tell thee that that Infant vain,
 That Boy, that Youth, that Man of gain,
 That Gray-beard, who did roads attain
 So various—*they were one.*

REMEMBER ME.



BEST of blessings bless thee!
 Best of joys caress thee!
 Yet still remember me!
 When, the hours beguiling,
 Friends are round thee smiling,
 O! then remember me!

Or when light is flying,
 And thy breast is sighing,
 O'er Hope's flowerets dying,
 That had bloomed for thee—
 When the sigh is wringing,
 And the tear is springing,
 O! then remember me!

When thy knee is bending,
 And thy prayer ascending,
 O! then remember me!
 When to thee are given,
 Joys that seem of heaven,
 O! then remember me!
 While that sacred feeling,
 Through thy bosom stealing,
 Opens heaven—revealing
 Things no eye may see;—
 When thy home seems nearest,
 And thy Savior dearest,
 O! then remember me!

While a joy is glowing,
 While a tear is flowing,
 I *must* remember thee;
 Joy will be the sweeter,
 Wo will be the fleeter,
 While I remember thee.
 Life is quickly burning;
 Dust to dust returning,
 In the house of mourning
 Hidden soon will be;

But when death's cold billow,
 Washes o'er my pillow,
 Still I'll remember thee.

TO AN INFANT.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—*Wordsworth.*

O NE'ER was bird, at morning hour,
 So bright and blithe as thou,
 Yet scarcely is a night-closed flower,
 More soft and stirless now :
 But never did a bower like thine,
 Or bird, or blossom keep,—
 Sweet Babe, thou hast a power divine,
 In that, thine INFANT SLEEP.

For what to thee is Chance or Time ?
 The wrongs thy kind endure ?
 In thine unconsciousness sublime ;—
 Thine innocence secure ;—
 Soft gliding like a leaf or flower,
 On this world's wondrous deep,
 Though winds arise and tempests lower,
 Calm, calm thine INFANT SLEEP.

But years must lapse ere thou wilt learn
 Of that still joy the truth ;
 The child for active Sport will burn,
 For Pleasure's chase the youth ;—
 Stern Time must many a hope destroy,
 And Care thy spirit steep,

Ere thou, perceiving life's alloy—
 Regret thine INFANT SLEEP.

Yes,—manhood will embrown thy cheek,
 Where blooms a six months' rose,
 And fervid beams from that eye break,
 Where morn's meek lustre glows ;
 Ambition, Glory, Love, and Lore,
 Thy wakened spirit sweep ;
 But, Sage or Hero,—hope no more
 Thy pure, thine INFANT SLEEP !

And thou wilt leave that precious fold,
 Thy mother's gentle breast ;
 And love in other eyes behold,—
 By other lips be blessed ;—
 The Wife—the Friend—in hours of wo
 Will minister and weep ;—
 But love, such love as seraphs know—
 That—watched thine INFANT SLEEP.

Farewell, sweet Babe ! O be thy soul
 Stirred gently by the world !
 Truth's banner vast—Time's tragic scroll—
 By guardian hands unfurled ;
 Be thou a child of "thoughtful breath,"—
 Life's pilgrim-path so keep,
 That even the dark repose of death,
 May be but INEANT SLEEP.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

“SERVANT of God! well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.”

—The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear,
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
 He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield:
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight;
 Ready that moment, at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
 Of heavenly temper keen;
 And double were the wounds it made,
 Where'er it smote between;
 'T was death to sin;—'t was life
 To all that mourned for sin;
 It kindled and it silenced strife,
 Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
 His arm had quelled the foe,
 And laid, resistless in his course,
 The alien armies low.

Bent on such glorious toils,
 The world to him was loss ;
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare !"
 He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay ;
 His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are passed ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Savior's joy.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade !
 Where the breezes play by stealth
 In the forest-cinctured glade,
 Round the hermitage of Health :
 While the noon-bright mountains blaze
 In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
 Through the dim delirious air,
 Agonizing silence reigns,
 And the wanness of despair :
 Nature faints with fervent heat,
 Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
 Black, as if the day of doom
 Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head :
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
 —God is coming !—God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 Nature, startled Nature, reels,
 From the centre to the poles ;
 Tremble !—Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
 Tremble !—God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
 His mysterious hiding-place ;
 Should He, from his ark of storms,
 Rend the veil, and show his face,
 At the judgement of his eye,
 All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
 Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
 Louder, deeper thunders crash,
 Desolation threatens all ;

Struggling Nature gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance ! from above
While thine awful bolts are hurled,
O remember thou art Love !
Spare ! O spare a guilty world !
Stay Thy flaming wrath a while,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still ;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
Peace on Earth, to Man good will.
Nature ! God's repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west :
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace ;
Vengeance drops her harmless rod :
Mercy is the POWER of GOD.

JANUARY.

THE scene is desolate and bleak ;
 The clouds, the pressing tempest, streak
 The waning fields of air ;
 The vales in sombre darkness lie,
 And January breezes sigh
 Through leafless forests bare !
 The rank grass rustles by the stone
 With purple lichens overgrown.

The drooping cattle cower below,
 While, on the beech's topmost bough,
 The croaking raven sits ;—
 The tumult of the torrent's roar,
 That, rain-swollen, rushes to the shore,
 Is heard and lost by fits ;
 Now with a voice o'erpowering all,
 Now sinking in a dying fall.

How vanishes our time away !
 'T is like the circuit of a day,
 Since last, with devious feet,
 This lonely rural path I trod ;
 The blooming wild-flowers gemmed the sod,
 The summer breeze was sweet ;
 The hues of earth, the tints of sky,
 Were rapture to the heart and eye.

I listened to the linnet's song,
 I heard the lyric lark prolong
 Her heart-exulting note,

When, far removed from mortal sight,
 She, soaring to the source of light,
 Ethereal regions sought,
 And from the summit of her flight
 Looked down, and sung with fond delight.

The wild rose, arched in shady bower,
 The heather, and the hawthorn flower,
 United their perfume,
 Beneath as bright and blue a sky,
 As e'er transported human eye,
 Since Eden was in bloom,
 And Innocence from Paradise
 Affrighted fled, and sought the skies.

And now, I listen to the breeze
 That whistles through the leafless trees,
 And to the pattering rain ;
 The waters roar with foamy surge,
 The curlew sends her wailing dirge
 Across the marshy plain.
 Well may such altered scene impart
 A moral to the thinking heart !

In youth, ah ! little do we think,
 How near the raging torrent's brink
 The flowers of Pleasure grow ;
 How fickle is the gale ; how far
 From mild Contentment's gentle star,
 Our bark may sail below ;
 What chance and change our lot may brave
 Between the cradle and the grave.

Yet this is in the power of all—
 (However Fortune rise or fall,)
 To scorn ignoble art ;
 And in the open eye of day,
 To tread the independent way,
 In singleness of heart,
 Unsullied as the silver moon
 Amid the deep blue skies of June.

So, when the night of age appears,
 And time is short, and all our years
 Have come, and passed away,
 We, quietly consigned to deep
 But not to everlasting sleep,
 Shall, where our fathers lay,
 Be laid,—our memory Virtue's theme,
 Our epitaph the world's esteem.

DAVID'S ELEGY.

THY glory, Israel, droops its languid head,
 On Gilboa's heights thy rising beauty dies ;
 In sordid piles there sleep the illustrious dead,
 The mighty victor fallen and vanquished lies.

Yet dumb be Grief—Hushed be her clamorous voice !
 Tell not in Gath the tidings of our shame !
 Lest proud Philistia in our woes rejoice,
 And rude barbarians blast fair Israel's fame.

No more, O Gilboa ! heaven's reviving dew
 With rising verdure crown thy fated head !
 No victim's blood thine altars dire imbrue !
 For there the blood of heaven's elect was shed.

The sword of Saul ne'er spent its force in air ;
 The shaft of Jonathan brought low the brave ;
 In life united, equal fates they share,
 In death united, share one common grave.

Swift as the eagle cleaves the aerial way,
 Through hosts of foes they bent their rapid course ;
 Strong as the lion darts upon his prey,
 They crushed the nations with resistless force.

Daughters of Judah ! mourn the fatal day ;
 In sable grief attend your monarch's urn ;
 To solemn notes attune the pensive lay,
 And weep those joys that never shall return :

With various wealth he made your tents o'erflow ;
 In princely pride your charms profusely dressed ;
 Bade the rich robe with ardent purple glow,
 And sparkling gems adorn the tissued vest.

On Gilboa's heights the mighty vanquished lies,
 The son of Saul, the generous and the just ;
 Let streaming sorrows ever fill these eyes,
 Let sacred tears bedew a brother's dust !

Thy firm regard revered thy David's name,
 And kindest thoughts in kindest acts expressed,
 Not brighter glows the pure and generous flame,
 That lives within the tender virgin's breast.

But vain the tear, and vain the bursting sigh,
 Though Sion's echoes with our griefs resound ;
 The mighty victors fallen and vanquished lie,
 And war's refulgent weapons strew the ground.

PSALM XLII.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
 So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings !
 So thirsts to reach thy sacred resting-place.

On briny tears my famished soul has fed,
 While taunting foes deride my deep despair ;
 " Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled ?
 Thy mighty God—Deserted wanderer, where ? "

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
 When to thy fane I led the jocund throng :
 Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
 And festal joys still closed with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart ? Why sink, my saddening soul ?
 Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed ?
 My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
 And joy be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
 O'er Hermon's rugged rocks, and deserts drear ;
 Even there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
 There, thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
 Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar ;
 Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
 And dash my shattered bark from shore to shore.

Yet thy soft mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day.
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To thee I 'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope ! Great Solace of my heart !
 Why, why desert the offspring of thy care,
 While taunting foes thus point the invidious dart ?
 " Where 's now thy God ! abandoned wanderer,
 where ? "

Why faint my soul ? why doubt JEHOVAH'S aid ?
 Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove !
 In his bright fane thy thanks shall yet be paid ;
 Unquestioned be his pity and his love.

THE THRICE-CLOSED EYE.

THE eye was closed, and calm the breast ;
 'T was Sleep—the weary was at rest ;
 While fancy on her rainbow wings
 Ranged through a world of new-made things,
 Mid regions pure, and visions bright,
 Formed but to mock the waking sight.
 For, ah ! how light does slumber sit,
 On sorrow's brow—how quickly flit

From her pale throne, when envious care
Comes wrapped in clouds and frowning there !

Again I saw the falling lid,
And from his sight the world was hid.
The lip was moved ; the knee was bent ;
The heavy laden spirit went,
Bearing her burden from the dust,
Up to her only Rock of trust ;
And, childlike, on her Father's breast
Cast off the load, and found her rest.
For, this was Prayer—'t was faith and love
Communing with a God above.

At length that eye was locked ; the key
Had opened heaven—'t was Death ! yes, he
Had sweetly quelled the mortal strife,
And to the saint the gates of life
Unbolted. On the sleeper's brow
Lay the smooth seal of quiet now,
Which none could break. The soul, that here
Dwelt with eternal things so near,
Had burst her bonds to soar on high,
And left to earth the thrice-closed eye !

THE ROBE.

'T WAS not the robe of state,
Which the high and the haughty wear,
That my busy hand, as the lamp burnt late,
Was hastening to prepare.

It had no clasp of gold,
No diamond's dazzling blaze,
For the festive board; nor the graceful fold
To float in the dance's maze.

'T was not to wrap the breast,
With gladness light and warm,
For the bride's attire—for the joyous guest;
Nor to clothe the sufferer's form.

'T was not the garb of wo
To conceal an aching heart,
When our eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
And our dearest ones depart.

'T was what we all must bear
To the cold, the lonely bed!
'T was the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead!

I saw a fair, young maid
In the snowy vesture dressed;
So pure, she looked as one arrayed
For the mansions of the blest.

A smile had left its trace
On her lip, at the parting breath,
And the beauty in that lovely face
Was fixed with the seal of death.

THE STAR OF THE SEA.

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
 Who lov'st on mariners to shine !
 These votive garments wet to thee
 We hang, within thy holy shrine ;
 When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
 Amid the warring waters tossed,
 We called no other name but thine,
 And hoped when other hope was lost.

Star of the vast and howling main !
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
 And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain,
 Erect their stormy heads on high :
 When virgins for their true loves sigh,
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;
 The Star of ocean heeds their cry,
 And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Star of the dark and stormy sea !
 When wrecking tempests round us rave,
 Thy gentle virgin form we see
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
 The howling storms that seem to crave
 Their victims, sink in music sweet ;
 The surging seas recede to pave
 The path beneath thy glistening feet.

Star of the desert waters wild,
 Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry !

The God of mercy, as a child,
 On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
 While soft the chorus of the sky
 Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
 And angel voices name, on high,
 The mother of the heavenly King.

Star of the deep ! at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel ;
 The tempests wild their fury tame
 That made the deep's foundation reel ;
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of wo,
 The newly damned a respite feel
 From torture, in the depths below.

Star of the mild and placid seas,
 Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
 Whose name thy faithful Portuguese
 O'er all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own !
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of ocean glitters bright.

Star of the deep ! when angels' lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay.
 Mother of God ! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 To join the bright immortal quires.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes !—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE.

FATHER of all ! Omniscient Mind !
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend ?
 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
 What dark recess, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?

If up to heaven's ethereal height,
 Thy prospects to elude, I rise ;
 In splendor there, supremely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
 Thee, mighty GOD ! my wondering soul,
 Thee all her conscious powers adore ;
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes the universe explore.

'Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
 It glows in every vital part ;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart.
 To Thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heaven I know !
 Inspired with this exalted theme,
 To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

PSALM CXXXVII.

ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
 Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
 While Sion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
 When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
 In mournful silence on the willows hung ;
 And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the wo,
 With taunting smiles a song of Sion claim ;
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name :

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
 Shall Israel's sons a song of Sion raise ?

O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise !—

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame ;
 My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Sion calls,
 O'er take her foes with terror and dismay ;
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise her children to eternal day.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

WITH what a stately and majestic step
 That glorious Constellation of the North
 Treads its eternal circle ! going forth
 Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
 And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail !
 I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
 Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,
 Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
 Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
 The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
 And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave.
 But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
 Nor stay thy stedfast step. But on, still on,
 While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
 Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
 The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
 Thou, faithful Sentinel, dost never quit
 Thy long appointed watch ; but, sleepless still,
 Dost guard the fixt light of the universe,
 And bid the North forever know its place.

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
 Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
 Sent forth that shout of joy, which rang through heaven,
 And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
 The illimitable universe—thy voice
 Joined the high chorus ; from thy radiant orbs
 The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise
 Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
 Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd

Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
 As thou art now, so wast thou then, the same.
 Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray ;
 The earth has gathered to her womb again,
 And yet again, the myriads that were born
 Of her—uncounted, unremembered tribes.
 The seas have changed their beds—the eternal hills
 Have stooped with age—the solid continents
 Have left their banks—and man's imperial works,
 The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
 Their haughty honors in the face of Heaven,
 As if immortal—have been swept away—
 Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
 But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
 Nor touched the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength,
 And beauty, still are thine—as clear, as bright,
 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
 Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
 To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
 The eternal chorus of Eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
 Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now—
 Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
 That go back far into eternity.
 Exhaustless flood ! forever spent, renewed
 Forever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
 Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
 While those winged particles—whose speed outstrips
 The flight of thought—were on their way, the earth
 Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,

And in the extremes of annual change, beheld
 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
 So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve !
 So vast the void through which their beams descend !

Yea, glorious lamps of God ! He may have quenched
 Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
 Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach
 This distant planet. Messengers still come
 Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
 To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze
 But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
 Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which, to the astonished mind,
 Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
 Confounds ? A span, a point, in those domains,
 Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
 Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
 Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
 Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
 And every star from every other burns
 No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
 Untraveled even in thought, keen piercing rays
 Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
 Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
 And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
 Upon your gaze, thick showers of sparkling fire—
 Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote
 That their swift beams,—the swiftest things that be—
 Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.
 Earth, Sun, and nearer Constellations ! what

Are ye, amid this infinite extent
 And multitude of God's most infinite works!

And these are Suns!—vast, central, living fires,
 Lords of dependent systems, Kings of worlds,
 That wait as satellites upon their power,
 And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
 And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
 Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
 Worlds—in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount
 Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
 What tongue can utter all their multitudes!
 Thus numberless in numberless abodes,
 Known but to Thee, blest Father! Thine they are,
 Thy children, and thy care—and none o'erlooked
 Of Thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
 Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
 Amid the giant glories of the sky,
 Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
 Amongst the thousand mirrored lamps, which fling
 Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
 None, none escape the kindness of Thy care;
 All compassed underneath Thy spacious wing,
 Each fed and guided by Thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid Orbs! as from your thrones
 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
 Your sway—what beings fill those bright abodes?
 How formed, how gifted; what their powers, their state,
 Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
 The stamp of human nature? Or has God

Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
 And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
 Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
 Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
 And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?
 Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
 And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,
 And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
 Leagued their base bands to tread out Light and Truth,
 And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?
 Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen
 And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life—
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
 And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth,
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
 Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold!—No language! Everlasting light,
 And everlasting silence! Yet the eye
 May read and understand. The hand of God
 Has written legibly what man may know,—
 THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
 Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
 Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
 May know and ask no more. In other days,
 When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
 Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
 Perchance, amongst those vast mysterious spheres,
 Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each

Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
 And share their state, and study and adore
 The infinite varieties of bliss
 And beauty, by the hand Divine
 Lavished on all its works. Eternity
 Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight ;
 No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world
 On world still opening to the instructed mind
 An unexhausted universe, and time
 But adding to its glories. While the soul,
 Advancing ever to the Source of light
 And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
 In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

TO A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest,
 When infant innocence ascends,
 Some angel, brighter than the rest,
 The spotless spirit's flight attends.
 On wings of ecstasy they rise
 Beyond where worlds material roll ;
 Till some fair sister of the skies
 Receives the unpolluted soul.

There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
 Nearest the throne of living light,
 The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
 And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

Chained, for a dreary length of years,
 Down to these elements below,
 Some stain the sky-born spirit bears
 Contracted from this world of wo.

That inextinguishable beam,
 With dust united at our birth,
 Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
 The more it lingers upon earth.
 Closed in this dark abode of clay,
 The stream of glory faintly burns ;
 Not unobscured, the lucid ray
 To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
 Decrees his bounty to resume,
 And points the silent shaft of death,
 Which speeds an infant to the tomb,—
 No passion fierce, nor low desire,
 Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
 Back to its God, the living fire
 Reverts, unclouded as it came.

O Anna ! be that solace thine ;
 Let Hope her healing charm impart ;
 And soothe, with melodies divine,
 The anguish of a *mother's* heart.
 O think the darlings of thy love,
 Divested of this earthly clod,
 Amid unnumbered saints above,
 Bask in the bosom of their God.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth,
 Still tender images remain ;
 Still, still they 'bless thee for their birth,
 Still, filial gratitude retain.

The days of pain, the nights of care,
 The bosom's agonizing strife,
 The pangs, which thou for them didst bear,
 No ! they forgot them not with life.

Scarce could their germinating thought conceive,
 While in this vale of tears they dwelt,
 Scarce their fond sympathy relieve
 The sufferance thou for them hast felt.
 But there the soul's perennial flower
 Expands in never-fading bloom,
 Spurs at the grave's poor transient hour,
 And shoots immortal from the tomb.

No weak, unformed idea, there
 Toils, the mere promise of a mind ;
 The tide of intellect flows clear,
 Strong, full, unchanging and refined.
 Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
 That wrung for them the parent's breast,
 Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
 Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee with looks of love they bend,
 For thee the Lord of life implore ;
 And oft from sainted bliss descend,
 Thy wounded quiet to restore.

Oft, in the stillness of the night,
 They smooth the pillow for thy bed ;
 Oft, till the morn's returning light,
 Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark ! in such strains as saints employ,
 They whisper to thy bosom, Peace ;
 Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
 And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
 Then dry henceforth the bitter tear ;
 Their part and thine inverted see ;
 Thou wert *their* guardian angel here,
 They guardian angels now to *thee*.

J. 67

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Ox Nebo's hill the patriarch stood,
 Who led the pilgrim bands
 Of Israel through the foaming waves,
 And o'er the desert sands.

How beauteous is the scene that spreads
 Before him far and wide,
 Beyond the fair and fated bourne
 Of Jordan's glorious tide !

Stretched forth in varied loveliness,
 The land of promise smiled,
 Like Eden, in its wondrous bloom,
 Magnificent and wild.

He looked o'er Gilead's pleasant land,
 A land of fruit and flowers,
 And verdure of the softest green,
 That drinks the summer showers.

He saw fair Ephraim's fertile fields
 Laugh with their golden store,
 And, far beyond, the deep blue wave
 Bathed Judah's lovely shore.

The southern landscape led his glance
 O'er plains and valleys wide,
 And hills, with spreading cedars crowned,
 And cities in their pride.

There Zoar's walls are dimly seen,
 And Jericho's far towers
 Gleam through the morning's purple mist,
 Among their palmy bowers.

Is it the sun, the morning sun,
 That shines so full and bright,
 Pouring on Nebo's lonely hill
 A flood of living light?

No—dim and earthly is the glow
 Of morning's loveliest ray,
 And dull the cloudless beams of noon,
 To that celestial day.

Is it an angel's voice that breathes
 Divine enchantment there,
 As, floating on his viewless wings,
 He charms the balmy air?

No—'t is a greater, holier power,
 That makes the scene rejoice ;
 Thy glory, God, is in that light,—
 Thy spirit in that voice !

The patriarch hears, and lowly bends,
 Adoring his high will,
 Who spoke in lightning from the clouds
 Of Sinai's awful hill.

Now flash his eyes with brighter fires
 Ere yet their light depart ;
 And thus the voice of prophecy
 Speaks to his trembling heart—

“ The land, which I have sworn to bless
 To Abraham's chosen race,
 Thine eyes behold ; but not for thee
 That earthly resting-place.”

With soul of faith the patriarch heard
 The awful words, and lay
 A time entranced, until that voice
 In music died away ;—

Then raised his head,—one look he gave
 Towards Jordan's palmy shore ;
 Fixed was that look, and glazed that eye,
 Which turned to earth no more.

A beauteous glow was on his face—
 Death flung not there its gloom ;
 On Nebo's hill the patriarch found
 His glory and his doom.

He sleeps in Moab's silent vale,
 Beneath the dewy sod,
 Without a stone to mark his grave,
 Who led the hosts of God.

Let marble o'er earth's conquerors rise,
 And mock the mouldering grave;
His monument is that blest Book,
 Which opens but to save.

THE MARCH AND END OF LIFE.

WE are hastening on—we are hastening on,
 To the sleep of the years that are vanished and gone,
 To the voiceless chambers that lie beneath—
 To the silent halls of darkness and death!
 Like the instant flashing,—the fitful light,
 Of the passing meteors in their flight;
 Like the sunset hues of the summer's eve,
 Like the forms that in fancy's loom we weave,
 Like the flowers that blush at the opening day,
 We are blushing, and blooming, and fading away.
 Through life's chequered mazes of joy and wo,
 Through the grief and the gloom of this vale below,
 With the fair, and the brave, and the proud, and the just,
 We are hastening to dust! we are hastening to dust!

Ye plumed band of the strong and the brave,
 With your burnished swords, and the plumes that wave!
 With your banners that stream on the breezes unfurled,
 And your shouts that frighten the trembling world;

With your battles that burst like a flaming flood,
 And pour out their gathered tides of blood ;
 With your red cannon's wrath and war, that make
 The mountains, the valleys, the oceans quake ;
 With your bared arm, and uplifted lance,
 And your blackened brow, and your fearful glance,
 'Midst the sabre's stroke, and the dagger's thrust,
 Ye are hastening to dust ! ye are hastening to dust !

Ye lovely train of the humble and meek,
 Who wipe the tears from the aged cheek ;
 Whose voice doth the gathering cares beguile,
 And maketh the hearts of the sad to smile ;
 With your tears, that stream o'er the chilling bier
 Of the pious, that dwell no longer here ;
 With your smiles that bind up the broken in heart,
 And pour in a balm on the poisoned dart ;
 With your prayers that rise to the throne above,
 And bring down the blessings of peace and love ;
 With the fair, and the brave, and the proud, and the just,
 Ye are hastening to dust ! ye are hastening to dust !

LIFE AND DEATH.

O FEAR not thou to die !
 But rather fear to live ; for Life
 Has thousand snares thy feet to try
 By peril, pain and strife.

Brief is the work of Death ;
 But Life ! the spirit shrinks to see
 How full ere Heaven recalls the breath,
 The cup of wo may be.

O fear not thou to die !
 No more to suffer or to sin ;
 No snares without thy faith to try,
 No traitor heart within ;
 But fear, O ! rather fear
 The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
 The flattering smiles, that greet thee here,
 From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest in evil hour,
 Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome
 By clouds that in the horizon lower,
 Thy spirit feel that gloom,
 Which over earth and heaven
 The covering throws of fell despair,
 And deem itself the unforgiven,
 Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die !
 To die, and be that blessed one,
 Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
 May feel his conflict done ;
 Who feels that never more
 The tear of grief or shame shall come,
 For thousand wanderings from that Power,
 Who loved, and called him home.

ON A DEAD INFANT.

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
 A curious piece of Nature's work,—
 A floweret crushed in the bud,
 A nameless Maid, in babyhood,
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying,
 Extinct, with scarce a show of dying;
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
 For darker prison of the tomb!
 She did but ope an eye, and put
 A clear beam forth—then strait up shut
 For the long dark: ne'er more to see
 Through glasses of mortality.
 Riddle of Destiny! who can show
 What thy short visit meant, or know
 What thy errand here below?
 Shall we say that Nature, blind,
 Checked her hand, and changed her mind,
 Just when she had exactly wrought
 A finished pattern without fault?
 Could she flag, or could she tire?
 Or lacked she the Promethean fire,
 (With her tedious workings sickened,)

That should thy little limbs have quickened?
 Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure
 Life of health, and days mature;
 Womanhood in miniature!
 Limbs so fair they might supply
 (Themselves now but cold imagery,)

The sculptor to make Beauty by;—
 Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
 That, Babe, or Mother, one must die;

So, in mercy, left the stock
 And cut the branch : To save the shock
 Of young years widowed : and the pain
 When single state comes back again
 To the lorn man ; who, 'reft of wife,
 Thenceforwards drags a maimed life ;
 The economy of Heaven is dark ;
 The wisest clerks have missed the mark,
 Why Heaven's buds, like this, should fall
 More brief than fly, ephemeral,
 That has his day ; while shriveled crones
 Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
 And crabbed use the conscience sears
 In sinners of an hundred years.
 Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
 Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
 Rites, which custom does impose ;
 Silver bells and baby-clothes ;
 Corals redder than those lips,
 Which pale Death did late eclipse ;
 Music framed for infant's glee,
 Whistle never tuned for thee ;
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
 (Loving hearts were they which gave them,)
 Let not one be missing ; Nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant, slain by doom perverse.
 Why should kings and nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave ;
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,—
 A more harmless vanity ?

THE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

WHAT means this little grassy mound,
 Raised in no consecrated ground,
 But in the forest-dell profound,

Where waves so sad and mournfully
 The mountain-ash its bending head?—
 There sleeps the unknown, the unhonored dead
 In his obscure and lonely bed,

Graced by no marks of heraldry.

Here the lorn Wanderer of the heath,
 The forest's twilight shades beneath,
 Sunk in the clay-cold arms of death,

Far from his home and family !

No holy man, with pious care,
 O'er his poor relics breathed a prayer,
 No mourner graced them with a tear,
 No funeral-bell tolled solemnly.

Yet round this undistinguished tomb
 The violets breathe their sweet perfume,
 The eglantine's fair roses bloom,

In Nature's wild simplicity ;

And when the gathering shades of night
 Have put the day's bright beams to flight,
 And silver Luna's trembling light

Sleeps on the wave so peacefully—

Then at this silent solemn hour,
 Oft, from her close and verdant bower,
 Lone Philomela loves to pour

Her strains of melting harmony.

Poor Pilgrim, rest ! thy wanderings o'er,
 Perplexed by wildering thoughts no more,
 The dawn thy being will restore,
 The dawn of immortality !

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

O HAPPY creature ! on whose brow
 The light of youth is shed,
 O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
 In glowing beauty spread—
 Forget not Him whose love hath poured
 Around that golden light,
 And tinged those opening buds of hope
 With hues so softly bright ;
 But grateful to his altar bring
 The garlands of life's glorious spring.

Thou tempted one ! just entering
 Upon "enchanted ground,"
 Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
 Ten thousand foes surround.
 A dark and a deceitful band,
 Upon thy path they lower—
 Trust not thine own unaided strength,
 To save thee from their power.
 Cling, cling to Him, whose mighty arm
 Alone can shield thy soul from harm.

Thou, whose yet bright and joyous eye
 Must soon be dimmed with tears,
 To whom the hour of bitterness
 Must come in coming years—
 Teach early that confiding eye
 To pierce the cloudy screen,
 To where, above the storms of life,
 Eternally serene,
 A Father's love is beaming bright,
 A Father's smile still sheds its light.

O born to die! the path of flowers,
 Thou dost exulting tread,
 Leads to the dreary sepulchre,
 The silence of the dead.
 But if from youth thy spirit's love
 Hath to thy God been given,
 Death's icy hand will ope for thee
 The radiant gates of heaven.
 There, blessed immortal! joys divine,
 Transcendent, endless, shall be thine.

HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Savior of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, hast searched me out ; thine eyes
 Mark when I sit, and when I rise ;
 By Thee my future thoughts are read ;
 Thou, round my path, and round my bed,
 Attendest vigilant ; each word,
 Ere yet I speak, by Thee is heard.
 Life's maze, before my view outspread,
 Within thy presence wrapt I tread,

Such knowledge, Lord, how deep ! in vain
 I seek its summit to attain.
 Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye,
 Or whither from thy spirit fly ?
 Aloft to Heaven my course I bear,
 In vain ; for Thou, my God, art there :
 If prone to Hell my feet descend,
 Thou still my footsteps shalt attend.
 If now, on swiftest wings upborne,
 I seek the regions of the morn,
 Or haste me to the western steep,
 Where Eve sits brooding o'er the deep,
 Thy hand the fugitive shall stay,
 And dictate to my steps their way.
 Perchance within its thickest veil,
 The darkness shall my head conceal ;
 But, instant, Thou hast chased away
 The gloom, and round me poured the day ;
 Darkness, great God, to Thee there 's none ;
 Darkness and light to Thee are one.

My reins, my fabric's every part,
 The wonders of thy plastic art
 Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
 To meditate the grateful song :
 With deepest awe my thought their frame
 Surveys ;—" I tremble that I am."
 While yet a stranger to the day
 Within the burthened womb I lay,
 My bones, familiar to thy view,
 By just degrees to firmness grew :

And touched with conscious horror stand
 Beneath the shadow of thy hand ;
 Thy power my lineaments began,
 To shapes prescribed the texture ran.
 Day to succeeding day consigned
 The unfinished birth ; thy mighty mind
 Each limb, each nerve, ere yet they were,
 Contemplated distinct and clear ;
 Those nerves thy curious finger spun,
 Those limbs it fashioned one by one ;
 And, as thy pen in fair design
 Traced on thy book each shadowy line,
 Thy handmaid Nature read them there,
 And made the growing work her care,
 Conformed it to the unerring plan,
 And gradual wrought me into man.

With what delight, great God, I trace
 The acts of thy stupendous grace !
 To count them, were to count the sand
 That lies upon the sea-beat strand :
 When from my temples sleep retires,
 Thy presence, Lord, my heart inspires.
 Searcher of hearts ! my thoughts review ;
 With kind severity pursue,
 Through each disguise, thy servant's mind,
 Nor leave one stain of guilt behind :
 Guide through the eternal path my feet,
 And bring me to thy blissful seat.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY MOTHER.

BLEST Shade ! O can I e'er forget
 Thy worth, thy virtues, and thy love ?
 My Mother, now in glory set
 With kindred spirits bright above !

No !—life with me must pass away
 Ere thy dear image shall depart ;
 But still thou send'st a heavenly ray
 Of comfort to my pensive heart.

Gone art thou, but thou art not lost !
 Fled only from a world of wo ;
 Where every hope and wish were crossed,
 And keen affliction laid thee low.

God loved thee, and the furnace made
 Purer, that which was always pure !—
 Now in a robe of light arrayed,
 Art thou for ever to endure,—

Hymning thy Lord, whom thou didst love,
 With that bright host whose endless song
 Fills all the glorious realms above,
 With hallelujahs loud and long.

And morning dreams that visit me,
 Tell of the joys that centre there ;—
 Blest Spirit in eternity !
 Those joys with thee when shall I share ?

RETROSPECTION.

As turns the pausing traveler back,
 At close of evening, to survey
 The windings of the weary track,
 Through which the day's long journey lay—
 And sees, by that departing light,
 Which wanes so fast on field and meadow,
 How distant objects still are bright
 When nearer things have sunk in shadow ;—

Even so the mind's inquiring eye
 Looks backward through the mist of years,
 When, in its vast variety,
 The chequered map of life appears ;
 And even when Hope's declining rays
 Have ceased to paint the path before her,
 The sunshine of her youthful days
 Still casts a cheering influence o'er her.

O ! youthful days, for ever passed,
 That saw my pilgrimage begun,
 When clouds of evil scarce could cast
 A passing shadow o'er my sun !
 Come, that the wounded spirit may
 Even from your recollection borrow
 Thoughts that may cheer the gloom to-day,
 And brighten prospects for the morrow.

Scenes of my youth ! ye stand arrayed
 In thought before my longing eye—
 In all the change of sun and shade,
 I see the visioned landscape lie :

I taste the coolness of the bowers,
 That oft my youthful feet have haunted—
 I scent the fragrance of the flowers,
 That erst my youthful hands have planted.

O magic of the mind! whose might
 Can make the desert heavenly fair,
 And fill, with forms divinely bright,
 The dreary vacancy of air;
 And speed the soul from clime to clime,
 Though stormy oceans roar in vain,
 And bid the restless wheels of time
 Roll backward to the goal again.

Then let me joy, whate'er betide,
 In that uncounted treasury,
 Nor grieve to see the step of Pride
 In purple trappings sweeping by;
 Nor murmur if my fate shut out
 The gaudy world's tumultuous din—
 He recks not of the world *without*,
 Who feels he bears his world *within*.

PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay!
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name.
 Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim ;
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid :
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who called yon worlds from night :
 " Ye shades, dispel !"—the Eternal said :
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow ;
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice :
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To Him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise :
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ :
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at His throne :
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
 O praise the eternal Source of Love,
 With youth's enlivening fire :
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh His blessed name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

Addressed to two Swallows, that flew into a Church during religious Service.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep :
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs, that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I 'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed,
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone,
 In one eternal "hour of prime,"
 Each rolling, burningly, alone,
 Through boundless space and countless time.
 Ay, there ye shine! the golden dew
 That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
 There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
 The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst,
 Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine,
 On all her flowers and fountains first,
 Yet sparkling from the hand divine;
 Yes, bright as then ye smiled, to catch
 The music of a sphere so fair,
 Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
 And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust,—yet, there ye are;
 Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll,
 In primal light, as if each star
 Enshrined an everlasting soul!
 And does it not—since your bright throngs,
 One all-enlightening Spirit own,
 Praised there by pure, sidereal tongues,
 Eternal, glorious, blessed, alone?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
 Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
 From all that is, to what has been,
 The glance how rich! the range how vast!

The birth of time, the rise, the fall
 Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
 Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships,—all
 The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
 His soul into your mystic reign;
 Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend—
 The living hills his mighty fane!
 Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
 He worshiped at your lofty shrine,
 And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
 The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
 The children of a mortal sire.
 The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
 The red volcano's cataract fire,
 Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
 All nature's ills,—and life's worse woes,—
 Are nought to you: ye smile the same,
 And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
 Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
 Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
 Still shining on the world he loves:—
 Nor is one scene to mortals given,
 That more divides the soul and sod,
 'Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
 Yon burning blazonry of God!

SACRED PASTORAL.

My Shepherd's mighty aid,
 His dear redeeming love,
 His all-protecting power displayed,
 I joy to prove.

Led onward by my guide,
 I view the verdant scene,
 Where limpid waters gently glide,
 Through pastures green.

In errors maze my soul
 Shall wander now no more ;
 His spirit shall, with sweet control,
 The lost restore.

My willing steps he leads
 In paths of righteousness ;
 His power defends, his bounty feeds,
 His mercies bless.

Affliction's horrid gloom
 Shall but his love display ;
 He will the vale of death illumine
 With living ray.

My failing flesh his rod
 Shall thankfully adore ;
 My heart shall vindicate my God,
 Forevermore.

His hands an unction shed,
 Whose balmy sweets abound ;
 It honors my devoted head,
 With gladness crowned.

While hid from every ill,
 From each infernal foe,
 My cup ten thousand comforts fill,
 And overflow.

His goodness ever nigh,
 His mercy ever free,
 Shall, while I live,—shall, when I die,
 Still follow me.
 Forever shall my soul,
 His boundless blessings prove,
 And while eternal ages roll,
 Adore and love.

THE WORLD'S A SEA.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.—Psalm lxix. 15.

THE world's a sea ; my flesh a ship, that's manned
 With laboring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand :
 My heart's the seaman's card, whereby she sails ;
 My loose affections are the greater sails ;
 The top-sail is my fancy ; and the gusts,
 That fills these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
 Prayer is the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor Hope, ne'er slipped but in our fears :
 My will's the inconstant pilot, that commands
 The staggering keel ; my sins are like the sands :
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
 The pump unused, (but in extremes,) and dry :

My conscience is the plummet that does press
 The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless !
 Smooth calm 's security ; the gulf, despair ;
 My freight 's corruption, and this life 's my fare :
 My soul 's the passenger, confusedly driven
 From fear to fright ; her landing port is Heaven.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;
 My sailors rude ; my steersman faint and weak :
 My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side :
 My cable 's cracked, my anchor 's slightly tied,
 My pilot 's crazed ; my shipwrecked sands are cloaked :
 My bucket 's broken, and my pump is choked ;
 My calm 's deceitful ; and my gulf too near ;
 My wares are slubbered, and my fare 's too dear :
 My plummet 's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
 O shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned !
 Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
 Send stiffer courage or send milder gales ;
 Make strong my cable ; bind my anchor faster ;
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master ;
 Object the sands to my most serious view,
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew ;
 New cast my plummet, make it apt to try
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie ;
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care ;
 Cleanse thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
 His voyage ; land him in his wished-for port :
 Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That through the deep gavest grumbling Israel way,

Say to my soul, Be safe ; and then mine eye
 Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
 O Thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave ;
 I 'll come, I 'll come : the voice that calls will save.

THE BENEDICITE PARAPHRASED.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestowed,
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finished work surveyed,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that, with loud acclaim,
 Admiring viewed the new-born frame,
 And hailed the Eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blessed ethereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne :
 Ye waters, that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known !

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours ;
 With us your voices raise ;
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb ! whose powerful ray
 Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
 Whose influence all things own,
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
 With light as far excelling thine
 As thine the paler moon.

Ye glittering planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him the song pursue ;
 And let himself submissive own,
 He borrows from a brighter Sun
 The light he lends to you.

Ye showers and dews, whose moisture shed,
 Calls into life the opening seed,
 To him your praises yield,
 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
 And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
 The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God ;
 See through the heavens the King of kings,
 Upborne on your expanded wings,
 Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
 With just submission humbly bow
 To his superior power,
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession rolled,
 The drooping world to cheer,
 Praise him who gave the sun and moon
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the watery plain,
 Ye silent showers of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heavenly theme ;
 Praise him, who sheds the driving snow,
 Forbids the hardened waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days, and nights, that swiftly borne
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away,
 Praise him, whose never-varying light,
 Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But, present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs ;
 Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
 Involve the dusky globe ;
 Praise him, who, when the heavens he spread,
 Darkness his thick pavilion made,
 And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly,
 Winged with his vengeance, through the sky,
 And red with wrath divine ;
 Praise him, ye clouds that wandering stray,
 Or, fixed by him, in close array,
 Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth ! thy Heavenly King,
 Who bids the plants that form the spring
 With annual verdure bloom ;
 Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
 Prolific swell the ripening grain,
 And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
 And heave your summits to the skies,
 Revere his awful nod ;
 Think how you once affrighted fled ;
 When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
 And owned the approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene ;
 Ye flowers, that o'er the enameled green
 In native beauty reign ;
 O praise the Ruler of the skies,
 Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
 And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
 That murmuring rise among the hills,
 Or fill the humble vale ;
 Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
 The rugged rock dissolving flowed,
 And formed a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
 Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
 And roll from shore to shore ;
 Awed by his voice, ye seas, subside ;
 Ye floods, within your channels glide,
 And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,
 Remote from human eye,
 Praise him, by whom ye all are fed ;
 Praise him, without whose heavenly aid,
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name ;
 Begin, and with the important theme
 Your artless lays improve ;
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound on every spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
 Amid the solitary gloom,
 The expected prey to seize ;
 Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
 Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
 And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamped his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move ;
 Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
 Till angels listen to the song,
 And bend attention down ;
 Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
 Pleased while they hear a mortal strain
 So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
 That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
 Before his altars kneel ;
 Where, throned in majesty, he dwells,
 And from the mystic cloud reveals
 The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eager for the blessed abode,
 To heavenly mansions soar ;
 O let your songs his praise display,
 Till heaven itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more !

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share ;
 O praise him, till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there.





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